

CHRISTI IMAGO

OR

THE CHRISTED LIFE

DEAN TOLMAN



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OR
THE CHRISTED LIFE

BY DEAN TOLMAN

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CHRISTI IMAGO

or

THE CHRISTED LIFE

THOUGHTS FOR THE SUNDAYS
OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

By

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No. 1

TO
MY SAINTED
MOTHER AND FATHER
WHOSE CHRISTED LIVES HAVE EVER BEEN
MY GUIDE AND INSPIRATION

FOREWORD

CHRISTIANITY is the life of Christ realized in the personal capacity of man. The new birth is the beginning of this life in the soul. Its complete development is Christian Character. Salvation is the gradual emancipation from our lower selves bringing us unto the attainment of the perfect freedom of the sons of God. Its consummation is Christ similitude. This formed the central thought of a series of meditations which the undersigned contributed as devotional editor to *The Living Church* during the year 1914-15. These meditations are here grouped together in book form under the title *Christi Imago*, with the prayer that they may be the humble instrument through God's help of bringing comfort and strength. May the Image of Christ be so stamped on our souls that men seeing us may see the Lord Jesus Himself. So our lives will ever be the revelation of the love and sacrifice of our divine Saviour.

H. C. TOLMAN.

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THE LESSON OF ADVENT

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT

THE Church throughout the world celebrates the beginning of another Christian Year. In every Christian land special chants are sung, special prayers are offered, special sermons are preached, and the church bells ring to usher in the Advent season. It is a beautiful custom that four Sundays should be set apart as a time of preparation for the Holy Nativity of the Lord Jesus, just as it is a beautiful custom that the world should halt in its whirl and rush of business and pleasure and for forty days prepare for the solemn scenes of the Crucifixion and the joy of the Easter dawn.

The Christian year is full of hallowed associations, and as we contemplate them we should draw nearer the great loving heart of the Redeemer. Let us not for a moment allow these holy things to become mechanical. Let us not for a moment ask ourselves simply what is *socially* proper for us at this season.

Advent means something more than singing the *Benedictus*: something more than purple vestments of penitence. The words of the sacred chant must be a part of our own experience. It must be the expression of my own soul's life when I say, "Blessed be the Lord God, for He has redeemed *me*—He gave light to me when I sat in darkness and guides my feet in the way of peace."

This is the Advent lesson, the coming of Christ into our own life.

What a transcendently holy thing this is! the entrance of Christ into our daily work, our daily duties, our daily thoughts, our daily aspirations, our daily trials, our daily sorrows. A life loses its monotony, and no burden is too hard to bear, because all is sanctified by His presence.

The Roman dogma of the Immaculate Conception teaches that the Virgin Mother must have been sinless to receive the Son of God. Whatever may be its theological value, there remains behind the controversies of the Franciscans and Dominicans, behind the quibbling of the schoolmen, this deep, underlying truth, that the human soul must be made pure and holy to be the abode of the pure and holy Christ.

This is the central thought of Advent. It is so easy for religion to become external and so easy to forget that Christianity is the life of Christ in the human soul.

We come to the Holy Communion and trust that in this sacrament of His love we are receiving our Lord into ourselves. If our hearts are made more fit to be His sacred habitation, the divine presence does enter there in greater fulness. But first the preparation.

Darkness and light cannot dwell together, neither can hate and love, cleanness and uncleanness, truth and untruth.

Can the Lord of Purity, the Lord of Love, the Lord of Truth, the Lord of Light, enter and abide in the soul which is filled with impurity, hate, untruth, prejudice?

He stands at the door waiting for us to receive Him.

How touchingly is the coming of Christ to the human soul illustrated by Holman Hunt's beautiful painting, "The Light of the World." The Christ approaches in the darkness. The

light He carries falls on the brambles and weeds, the tendrils of the ivy, the rusty bars and nails which fast bind the closed door. The saintly form of the Redeemer is robed in priestly vestments, the symbol of His royal and prophetic power. The crown is interwoven with thorns bearing tender leaves to be the balm of human hearts. He waits that the door may open to let Him in.

May our hearts be open to the Christ at this Advent season! May He enter in, dispelling by His holy presence all unworthy thoughts and imaginings, and may He make His abode there the throne of His Kingdom of Love, guiding every act and filling us with the spirit of His divine consecration and service!

What infinite joy to the heart of God when He sees the Christ image in the soul of man! Jacob Riis tells how the old silversmith of Hamburg takes the metal with all its dross and alloy and heats it in his crucible. In long watchings he waits patiently for the transition. He smiles at last when he sees reflected his own image, for then he knows the precious and genuine silver has come.

So God smiles when He sees His own image reflected in human hearts, for then He knows the Sacrifice of Calvary is consummated in that life; but it is not consummated until then.

EMMANUEL

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT

SO many have a hypothetical God! They think of Him as a God who revealed Himself in the past by certain signs and wonders, or as a God who will reveal Himself in the future by some transcendent vision. They believe that when the eye is closed in death the spiritual sight will comprehend God. They look backward or forward toward some divine Epiphany. The God whom Christ revealed was *Emmanuel*, the God who is with us *now*. Our Lord had the most absolute and certain assurance of the divine presence in every hour of His Life. He addressed the Father as if by His side.

Christ's faith was not mere intellectual assent to Jewish dogma, but a trust in God through joy and sorrow. The first petition our Lord taught us was "Hallowed be Thy name." We must cross this threshold before we can come within the realm of prayer. In this we make God's will our will, consecrating ourselves as a part of God's plan, helpers in God's work, instruments to carry out God's desires. Through this, our prayer takes the sweep of divine vision. It links us to God.

An old epitaph from an English churchyard reads as follows:

"Here lies Martin Oldenbrod,
Have mercy on my soul, O God,
As I would do, if I were God,
And Thou wert Martin Oldenbrod."

Poor man! He thought if God were only as kind and merciful as himself, it would be well with him. His idea of God was the dark God of medievalism, not the God of Christ's faith, not the revelation of the loving heart of the Infinite Father.

Religion is a thing not of authority, but of experience. Authority may say, "The Sistine Madonna is a masterpiece." We may accept this statement, but the picture means nothing to us until we stand before it and make the work of the master a part of ourselves. The beautiful words of the twenty-third Psalm become to us a revelation, not because the psalmist uttered them, but only when, by association with God, we can say truly as concerns our own life: "The Lord is our Shepherd." Authority may say that Christ came to earth, suffered and died, but the great fact of the incarnation is vital to us only when we enter into the suffering and death of Christ, making His life our life.

Emmanuel, "God with us," explains life. That one word answers all our questionings and perplexities and doubts. It takes us out of ourselves and makes us co-workers with God.

Schopenhauer compared man's estimate of himself in the past with present altruism by the analogy of the science of Astronomy. Men used to think that the great heavenly bodies concerned themselves with human life, that their rising and setting had to do with their little existence, that their ascending in the horizon was mysteriously bound up with their own fate. It was thought that this earth was the center of our system, and that all worlds revolved around it. Now we know that the earth is but an infinitesimal part of the heavenly bodies which revolve around the sun, and our solar system forms but

one part of numberless systems stretching out towards infinitude.

So man thinks that God's world centers about him, his petty desires, ambitions, his narrow and selfish self, but when God's light enters the soul he sees with divine vision that he is but a part, yet a very real part of God's great purpose. A friend said to Lincoln during the Civil War: "We are sure of victory, for God is on our side." Lincoln replied: "That is altogether the wrong consideration. The question is not whether God is on our side, but whether *we are on God's side.*"

Always in life, in our ambitions, our aspirations, our endeavors, our daily work, in our sorrows, disappointments, trials, adversities, let us ask this question. Can we truly say: "Emmanuel, 'God with us' "?

BETHLEHEM

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT

TT was a windy and dusty day when we left Jerusalem for Bethlehem. Going southward, we passed the vale of Hinnom, a valley filled with weird and uncanny legends. A short distance beyond are some Arabic ruins associated by tradition with the house of Simeon. It is a beautiful story which describes how the old man desired to see the Infant Jesus. His tottering steps led him to the temple and he held the babe in his arms. It is a poetic picture, a beautiful antithesis—old age and infancy, the life nearly ended receiving the life just begun. He chants the *Nunc dimittis*, "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

Along the dusty road about two miles further we come to ascending ground which spreads before us a beautiful panorama. In front is Bethlehem. Behind is the Holy City with its walls and towers and domes. Further to the east is the Mount of Olives, while beyond lies the desert of Judea stretching to the Dead Sea. The horizon is flanked by the mountains of Moab. Here the eye rests upon places associated with hallowed memories of the birth, life, and death of our Lord.

The approach to Bethlehem is impressive. The town rests upon a hill formed by a succession of most verdant terraces. In antiquity it was known for its fertility. The very deriva-

tion of the name *Bethlehem*, "House of bread," speaks of abundance and plenty.

The modern inhabitants, who number about eight thousand, work crosses, rosaries, brooches, and medallions out of pearl and a peculiar stone obtained from the Dead Sea.

The Church of the Nativity lies on the east side of the town. In front is a square surrounded by the walls of cloisters, barracks, and public offices.

We enter the Church through a low door. To pass this portal every head must bow as if in homage to the Babe of Bethlehem.

The double aisles are flanked by rows of huge monolithic columns supporting rude Corinthian capitals.

Tradition which dates from the second century connects the subterranean grotto over which the Church is built with the scene of the Nativity. This tradition is strengthened by the fact that Bethlehem has been almost constantly inhabited since the time of Christ, and hither the Jews came after the fall of Jerusalem. It was customary to use caves as stables in the old days as is done now, and the cavern beneath the edifice is the only cavern in this locality. For sixteen hundred years Christian worship has been offered on this very spot.

We descend into the cave beneath the choir and come to the chapel of the Nativity, the traditional site of the birth of our Saviour. Directly opposite is the chapel of the Manger, containing the marble vault supposed to have been found by the Empress Helena. A little further on is the altar of the Adoration of the Magi.

We next descend a few steps to the chapel of the Innocents, where a late tradition localizes the slaughter of the children by Herod.

We go on a little distance and come to the rock-hewn tomb of St. Jerome; a little beyond this is a chapel of the same Saint.

We know that Jerome retired to Bethlehem where he died. An early tradition connects his burial place with the Grotto of the Nativity. A painting in this chapel pictures the Saint with a Bible in his hand, which he had translated from Hebrew into Latin.

To the east of the town is the Field of the Shepherds, not far from which is a verdant plain associated with the charming idyl of the Book of Ruth.

At the very spot hallowed by the birth of Jesus are stationed Turkish soldiers with loaded rifles to keep order lest the Christian sects who enjoy the privileges of the Church engage in wrangling and strife.

It is told us that recently a nail fell from the fastening of one of the lamps which hang in the chapel and immediately Greeks and Armenians came to blows. A troop of eight Turkish soldiers was summoned to stand guard over the nail until the quarrel was settled in the courts.

What a parody this is on the teachings of the Redeemer! Hatred, contention, greed, and bitterness in the very spot where the Prince of Peace was born.

Is any of this spirit in the lives of Christians in other lands?

NO ROOM FOR HIM IN THE INN

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT

WITH what people was the inn at Bethlehem crowded on the night of the Nativity? Rich tradesmen were there with their sacks of gold to pay their taxes at Jerusalem. Roman soldiers were there, insolent and haughty in their military prerogatives. Pharisees were there, proud in the perfection and ceremonial grandeur of their religion. The frivolous and gay were there, feasting and merrymaking. There was no one who cared where a poor Jewish woman met the pains of motherhood.

If they had known who it was that was being born in yonder stable, that it was the Lord of Glory, that to His name hospitals, churches, and grandest cathedrals would be erected, that the power of His Life would inspire the noblest in art, poetry, and song, that at last before Him every knee would bow, would they not have proudly given Him the choicest guest chamber?

So to-day Christ comes to society and there is no room for Him. He is crowded out of our social pleasures, out of our business life, out of our intellectual life.

As He did two thousand years ago, Christ comes to our hearts and asks that a room be given Him where His presence may ever dwell; not some spare chamber which we open only on certain days, but the large living room of our heart.

How many Christians have only the spare room for Christ,

some moments spared out of their busy life, a Sunday morning at church, a devotional meeting, a day of sorrow and bereavement!

No, Christ cannot enter the life in that way. The chamber we give to Him must be very large, for He brings into it His cross with the great world burden upon it. He brings into it the throne of absolute supremacy. He brings into it His love, His peace, His joy.

Is our heart impure? He will fill it with His purity. Is it selfish? He will fill it with His self-renunciation. Is it hateful and suspicious? He will fill it with His forgiveness and His love. Is it proud and mean? He will fill it with His humility and service. Is it narrow? He will fill it with His broadness.

Amid all our elegance, refinement, wealth, education, and culture, shall Christ again have to be born in a stable?

The world erects its great cathedrals for Him with the gilded cross upon the Heaven-pointing spire. Here burns the dim light at the altar which betokens the divine presence in the sanctuary. The sublimest music rolls through the arches and the priceless paintings on the walls tell of His sufferings for humanity. Surely is not this a regal chamber for the King of kings?

But the loving heart of Jesus turns for its grandest temple to the human heart, and with pierced hand He knocks and asks, "Where is My chamber?"

How does He knock? I answer, In the cry of sorrow and poverty, in the distress of suffering, in the degradation of the fallen. These sorrows which echo in our ears are Christ asking admission into our lives.

We may engage in solemn worship, but the cry of the hungry unheeded shows Christ's guest chamber still closed.

The call of duty, the demand for clean, honest, unselfish living, are the voice of Christ demanding admission to the guest chamber.

But the door is hard to open. The lock is rusted by selfishness. Stout tendrils of greed and avarice surround the portal. The room itself is darkened by prejudice, pride, and envy, and is no fit abode for the Redeemer of the world.

But when He enters He brings Heaven with Him. Love illumines the chamber of the soul. He spreads His table and gives of His spiritual food and drink.

And so the Saviour is making day by day the chamber of our hearts a sanctuary until at the last life is ready to enter the place which He Himself has prepared. "In My Father's house are many rooms. I go to prepare a room for you."

Salvation, then, is a very simple thing. Christ our guest has so transformed our life by His presence that we become fitted to be His guests.

HERE CHRIST WAS BORN

CHRISTMAS DAY

TRADITION makes the Saviour's birth a time of universal peace. The temple of Janus was closed. The Roman legions pushed not on to foreign conquest. Throughout the empire the din of war had ceased. Nature was at rest. No storm or tempest raged. The starlit heavens bent close to earth, as if to share the gladness of the world.

"Peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign upon the earth began.
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean
Who now had quite forgot to rave ;
While birds of calm sat brooding
On the charmed wave."

In the imperial capital were the revels and orgies of the Saturnalia, the feasting and entertainments of the brilliant pageants of the court. Not in the palace of the Palatine, nor by the mighty, nor the proud, nor the wise, was heard the Christmas message. It was humble shepherds in the still watches of the night who caught the sound of angels singing:

"Peace on earth to men of good will!"

And so to-day for those alone who have the love, the joy, which are made the conditions of the heavenly proclamation,

has Christmas a vital significance. The lesson of the holy day is self-giving. That surely was the central truth twenty centuries ago, when God gave His divinest gift in the Child of Bethlehem, and down through the years He has claimed as our highest privilege and duty the service of our lives. Help to the needy, sympathy for the distressed, uplifting of the degraded, bring a Christmas joy transcending the vying of friends in the exchange of costly presents.

As the darkness of the night falls on the Judean plain, a long procession of pilgrims leave the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, pass through the Via Dolorosa, out of St. Stephen's gate, and tramp their weary way over the road that leads to Bethlehem. Here they gather in the square before the Church of the Virgin, and enter the ancient edifice through the low portal.

The Grotto of the Nativity is adorned with fifteen silver lamps, while there sparkles in the pavement a golden star bearing the inscription, "*Hic Christus natus est*," "Here Christ was born."

As I looked on this glistening emblem I thought how the Christmas lesson demands that these significant words be indelibly carved upon the human heart. What a meaning to Christmas if we can say, "Here in our soul Christ is born to-day." May Christmas be to us the birth of the soul's life, which shall grow more and more into the likeness of the divine.

The birth of Christ was the greatest event in history, for it marked a civilization pervaded by love, justice, and truth.

The birth of Christ was the greatest event in theology, for it meant the hypostatic union, the indwelling of the human and the divine.

But the vital thought of Christmas is something more than

the historical Christ, something more than the theologic Christ; it is the personal Christ born in the hearts of men.

This brings rest amid unrest, joy amid sorrow, hope amid despair.

Christmas is more than Christmas greetings, more than the exchange of happy gifts, more than the reunion of the near and dear under the roof of the old home, more than Christmas collects, more than Christmas anthems, more than Christmas sermons, more than white vestments of joy.

Christmas means the birth of Jesus in our souls, the birth of the Christ of love, of the Christ of purity, of the Christ of truth, of the Christ of gentleness, of the Christ of forgiveness, of the Christ of beauty.

This is the new birth for man, and from that hour he is truly a child of God. Then the Christmas bells will ring out a new and gladsome music of love triumphant in ourselves and in the world.

The Christmas lesson is God's supreme gift, the gift of Himself to man.

The world does not so much need the giving of our money or our sympathy as it needs and asks for the giving of ourselves, our life.

FOLLOWING THE STAR

EPIPHANY

ON a tongue of rock which projects from the mountain side rises the imposing terrace of Persepolis. A magnificent stairway ascends on the western side recessed in an enormous bay, while the steps mount parallel to the wall itself. In ceremonies of state an advancing procession could ascend by one flight, defile before the platform, and descend by the opposing stairway. We can picture the pomp and splendor of the kings of ancient Persia. The vast ruins of palace, audience hall, and propylaea, with sculptured relief, stand as silent witnesses of the glory of an imperial dominion now gone forever.

Here one starlit night twenty centuries ago a band of Magi, the priests of the Avesta faith, were looking heavenward to read the will of God in the star-spangled oriental sky. Their creed, with the single exception of Judaism, was the purest faith the world had yet known.

Fire was their holy symbol, for whether in the tiny spark, or in the dazzling sun, or reflected in moon or star, it portrayed the purity, the truth, the wisdom, the omnipotence of God.

Their sacred books brought hope and comfort, teaching them the clear discrimination between right and wrong, pointing to the advent of a Deliverer, and promising eternal life, with reward for virtue and punishment for sin.

The Lord of Wisdom was a Good Spirit striving contin-

ually with the Power of Evil. Man was free to coöperate with Right or Wrong, and if he chose to ally himself with the former he had the joy of realization that he had done his part in advancing the Kingdom of Righteousness.

This was a momentous choice, for it determined man's destiny. If he chose the Good, ministering angels aided him in the great search for God. If he chose the Bad, evil spirits led him further on in the realm of Evil.

It is no wonder that this stupendous moral thought found expression in the lofty prayer, "Good thoughts, good words, good deeds." Such a prayer can fitly be the guiding motive of every human soul.

As the Magi whose faith we have very briefly described were communing with the Infinite, beholding the revelation of His majesty in the silent Heaven, they saw a *new* star.

What a wondrous sight it must have been to them, accustomed as they were to note the company of nightly stars in their rising and their setting.

They might have said, "We have our sacred traditions and they are enough. We know not where the star may lead." They not only saw the star but determined to follow it. It led them away from their shrines. It led them beyond the confines of their native land. They followed it over rugged mountains and through trackless deserts.

They must have asked many times, "Whither will it lead us? Are we not following a phantom? Is this not a delusion, a mere *ignis fatuus*, a will-o'-the-wisp?" Strong must have been the temptation for them to return to the sacred glories of their native land.

But onward they went, the star always bright above their heads. We ask: "Where did it lead them?" It led them to

Bethlehem. It led them to the Saviour of the World. It led them to the Son of God.

What a lesson there is in this for our lives! Truth calls us to follow. It is a new star in our firmament. We ask: "Whither will it lead us?" It leads us away from many of our prejudices and our preconceptions. We may feel afraid to follow, but that is the prompting of a weak and timid heart. We follow and we have to climb our mountains of struggle and pass through our deserts of doubt, but the bright star is ever before us and it will always lead us to God.

That is the meaning of the Star of Bethlehem.

At the opening of the St. Louis Exposition where were brought together from the great nations of the earth the latest achievements of science and art and letters, there were flashed in letters of fire before the eyes of the hushed multitude, as the great keynote of progress, these significant words: "Thou shalt know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

As we stand under the open sky, where the numberless worlds within our vision are but parts of an infinite system of worlds stretching into limitless space, let us think of God, the Infinite and Loving, the Father of the Universe, and pray that we may see a new star, that some new light may appear to our souls which will lead us a little closer to the boundless heart of the Eternal.

THE ONE SHEPHERDING

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

OUR Saviour spoke of other sheep not of this fold which shall hear His voice, and be gathered into one shepherding under one Shepherd.

The knowledge of God is implanted in each human soul. This conception is the voice of God in the heart. In this chamber we find a "holy of holies" where abides the very presence of our God. What a communion is this! The divine within us responding to the voice of God.

The Hebrew nation regarded God as a national God. The Jews, as we well know, believed that the great Being who inhabiteth eternity could be shut up within the boundaries of a chosen race.

Were the prayers in other lands unheeded by One who is equally and integrally present in this infinite universe? Did the great Being unconditioned by space and time limit His love by geographical confines?

This spirit of national appropriation of God was common to the age. Each nation had its own individual deity. The Hindus hugged the gods of the Pantheon of their fathers. The Persian king again and again in his inscriptions expresses the belief that it is to the god of Persia to whom he owes his conquests.

Such a spirit of exclusion our Lord here condemns. He

who had come on earth to bear the load of humanity embraced the whole world in His loving arms. The Christ saw His own in the folds of nations far away and His loving heart declares: "Many sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Our English authorized version does not do justice to the original. The Greek word rendered "fold" in the expression "not of this fold" signifies as the translation implies, "an enclosure," "a pen." But not so the word translated "fold" in the concluding phrase "one fold, one shepherd." In the latter case we have one of the most striking examples of etymological figures that we find in the Gospels. These figures are vocal pictures of the same root sound in two words. Hence there is established not only a connection of idea, but a concurrence of sound as well. Here we must translate "one shepherding" and "one shepherd." In this way the great Shepherd enters into such oneness with His sheep that the same root word is found in both.

With the old translation before us, we see how the idea has given rise to much error. Easily might the conception be evolved from "one fold" that all religious truth was shut up in that little religious community to which an individual might belong. It is this spirit which is reflected in the enunciation of Rome, *nulla salus extra Ecclesiam*, "no salvation outside the (Roman) fold."

But what our Saviour means to declare is that He has come to tear down the walls of religious prejudice that all may be one in Him. Here is the picture of the divine shepherding: "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne."

We call the ocean by many names, but it is all one sea—

the same waters flow back and forth incessantly. So men may shut themselves in with their little preconceptions, but in the ocean of God's love they are all one shepherding.

We want that Christian love which will rise above all prejudice, that love which makes us all one in Christ, that love which wraps us all round about with a garment white and unsullied by pride, a love which dedicates all to the service of God and humanity.

GOD AND MAMMON

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

ON the coins of Constantine was stamped on the one side the sacred Christogram and on the other the face of a Roman god. We may call that a curious blending of Christianity and paganism.

And yet to-day we see the same type of mongrel Christianity. How many dedicate a part of themselves to Christ, and the other part to self. They give a part of life to prayer and praise and profession of Christ's name; but another part they give to greed, avarice, passion, jealousy.

Religion must dominate the whole man. It is not a mere part of life; it is the entire life. If one portion lies outside of its sway and influence, religion to that life is a mechanical and artificial thing superinduced upon it, but not synonomous with it. Faith may find expression in formulas, but these formulas are not faith. Faith is life and the exhibition of life is a revelation of faith. Do you ask me: "Have I faith?" Rather ask me if my life is a continuous and progressive communion with God.

The traveler sees with wonder the host of pilgrims stopping before the holy image of St. Peter at Rome and kissing the feet of the rude, bronze statue. In the throng we see old men, women, and even tiny children, who have to be lifted up that

their baby lips may touch the Saint. We see the rich and the poor, the aristocrat and the peasant.

Smile we may, a contemptuous smile, at their superstition, but if their worship be sincere, it is acceptable to Him who reads the thoughts of the heart.

We don't know whether Leo the Great altered over an ancient statue of Jupiter Capitolinus to stand here as the Prince of the Apostles, or not. If so, we might exclaim: "a Paganized Christianity indeed." But a thousand times more inconsistent than joining Peter and Jupiter is that life which gives homage to our divine Lord while beneath in the secrets of the heart self is enthroned, while under the fair robe of professions of devotion to the saintly life of our Redeemer the soul is filled with hate, impurity, and meanness.

The Italian peasant adores what Holy Church has given him and, I doubt not, receives a blessing, but the worldling reveres the Christ of holiness and love, while the heart devoted to the lower self drags the soul downward, making it the servant of the passion which reigns there.

"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." God demands our entire consecration to love and service. How little we know of the great heart of Christ! It was seeing the sorrows of mankind, it was being among the poor, the outcast, it was His keen discernment, coming from His divine nature, of the inequalities, the burden, the despair, the degradation, the shame of humanity, which broke the Christ heart. This is truly vicarious suffering.

We have sympathy, yes, when our friends are in trouble. But Christianity is not simply interest in ourselves and in our friends. Christianity is world sympathy.

Often in New York, as I passed through the slums of the

city, and saw crawling out of the heated tenement house a squalid child, and as I beheld on the faces of men the marks of vice and degradation, I have thought how the grass and flowers in country lawn, the blue hills, the running brook show God's beauty, and I have asked myself: "Is it that here in man is God's image?" God sees it, and he sees it most who comes closest to God.

We love to speak of the divine Christ and we hope to enter into His divinity, but before we can come near to the divine in Christ, we must come near to the divine in humanity. Here is where we shall behold Him. "As ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

THE POWER OF VISION

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

MAN refines the speculum of the telescope and myriads of new worlds are revealed to the eye. Yet those worlds were there before man apprehended them.

How many fail to see the beauty of God revealed in all about us. There is the beauty of the morning when nature seems to rejoice in the birth of another day. There is the awfulness of the storm and the somber gloom of the starless night.

The majestic pomp of worlds which bend over us in the twinkling light tells us that our God watches over His creation. The petal of the daisy speaks of Infinite care, the singing bird of a Heavenly Father's love.

All this is revelation. All this is a vision of God.

The greater our capacity to feel, to see, to know, the greater the revelation to us of an Infinite God. It is true that sensation is but the quivering of a nerve or the vibration of a muscle, yet this is our medium of communication with the outside world, and the more delicate the organism the greater the appreciation.

Imagine a man confined in a closed room all his life. He sees but the narrow walls of his dungeon. What would a description of God's blue sky or the vision from the mountain top mean to him? He has never seen the strength and majesty of the everlasting hills.

So to the man shut in by his own prejudices, by his own preconceptions, by his own littleness, what vision comes of the boundless heart of the Eternal God?

Does he who has never seen the ocean know the roar and boundlessness of the sea?

Does he who has never looked on the face of Christ know Christian love, service, sacrifice?

One has defined refinement as the capacity to enjoy and to suffer.

To enjoy the bliss of Heaven we must realize the divine joy of suffering.

How many failures in life are due to lack of vision or wrong perspective. "If thy eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee."

We fail to see the vital and essential, and consequently we so magnify the unessential that life is seen in distorted proportion.

The soul should rise above earth and catch the vision from the skies.

An eagle was captured and placed in the same coop with the hens. The boys said, "He roosts and sleeps with them and he has been associated with them so long that he thinks he is a hen." One day they let him out and for a while the eagle pecked the corn proudly and disdainfully. The day had been overcast, but suddenly the sunlight burst through the clouds. Then the eagle spread his grey wings and soared high into the blue ether until he became a speck smaller than a sparrow. He knew he was an eagle for he saw God's sunlight.

So our souls can soar when they receive the vision, when they realize their divinity. Never can a true soul rest until it reaches up to God.

Life grows in proportion to what we see and appropriate. The opalescent hues of sunset, the cloud shadows on the hills, the delicate fragrance of the flowers, are revealing God to the human soul. The immutable laws of the universe, the ethnic progress through the years, the aspiration to attain the divine ideal, point us to the Infallible with which life must be in perfect harmony.

The power of vision comes through discipline. One sees only a rude stone by the roadside. Another sees the creeping vine which conceals its roughness and irregularities, making it a thing of beauty, and he departs with a vision of the beautiful in his soul. Another tears away the ivy growth and picks out letter after letter and syllable after syllable an old inscription till he has restored a record of the past long hidden from the human eye. He departs but he carries with him the vision of the truth. If life is to learn how God is speaking in the great world about us, the eye must be clear.

Pride and bigotry cannot behold truth. Hate and greed cannot behold love. We have found the Christ only when we have perceived with undimmed eye the qualities which He reveals.

When we accept Christ, we take these qualities into our life. So it is that divinely but naturally the soul is transfigured into the likeness of God.

CHRISTIAN GROWTH

SEPTUAGESIMA

IN the graphic metaphor, "I am the vine, ye are the branches," Jesus forcefully portrays the organic and spiritual union between Himself and His followers.

It clearly and unequivocally teaches (and the teaching is the teaching of Jesus Himself) that our religion is the growing life of God in the human soul. Christ is the vine; we are the branches, dependent upon the life of the vine and partaking of its nature.

Christ's figure is very plain; it shows us that Salvation is a growth; and since it is a growth, it must be a gradual process, a daily evolution, a union of life with the divine source of life. Its increasing development is in proportion to and conditioned by the individual capacity to receive the life of Jesus.

How natural is the growth of the branches, the tender shoot, the weak twig, the vigorous bough.

So the Christian life is the normal and natural unfolding.

The life of the vine is in the branches; the life of Christ must be in the human soul.

The divineness of the natural and the naturalness of the divine is a reassuring thought, for it teaches the sacredness of daily life.

Were our food sent by the ravens or in a sheet let down from heaven, it would be no more a miracle than the planting of the seed, the growing corn, and the ripening fruit that yields

our harvests. It is true that, "God's in His heaven, all's well with the world," but it is equally true that God's in the world, all's well with the world; or as the Apostle puts it, "In Him we live and move, and have our being." He is nearer to us than the sense of touch, or taste, or sound.

If religion is the life of God in the human soul, and if this life be the natural growth, we do well to ask what are those divinely ordered laws in accord with which the life must be in perfect harmony.

First, expansion. Watch the tree as it unfolds. It drinks the sunlight and the dew into its existence. It sends forth its leaves, its blossoms, its buds, its fruitage. The snows of winter may have rested on its head. Storms and winds may have shaken it so that it has almost bent before opposing forces, but all have served to make it strong.

So the religious man is like a tree "planted by the rivers of water."

Second, receptivity. Without light there can be no physical growth. The tree deprived of the life-giving rays of the sun is dwarfed and stunted. So is human life if it does not receive the light of God.

When God reveals scientific law, the revelation does not come to the Fiji Islander or to the Hottentot but to the scientist in his study who has patiently toiled to come nearer the God of Truth.

So the life grows in proportion as it is open to receive the God of Love and the God of Beauty.

Third, struggle. If Fichte is right in his definition of sin that it is persistence in past relations, then every step of our development must be marked by emancipation. We must free

ourselves from that which would check our natural growth as the vine frees itself from choking weeds.

The blade of grass which grows on yonder lawn has fought its way in the struggle of plant life and has earned the right to grow there. We look into the faces of some of God's saints and we see written that serenity and strength which mark the triumph in the struggle over temptation and trial.

Fourth, faith. We see the tendril of a vine feeling its way upward as if guided by an unseen hand until it towers above the arbor and comes into the sunlight of God's heaven. We see a soul raised heavenward above the clouds of sorrow. This mysterious force we call instinct in the tendril; but in man we call it faith. It is a power that never deceives. How careful we must be to develop this part of our natural life, for it is specially responsive to culture. Without it life is meaningless and dead.

When we have thus made ourselves, through God working in us and through us, strong, heroic, trustful men and women, we have a life which effects in us a character like unto Christ Himself, a life the realization of which is absolute harmony and perfect fellowship with God.

This is the salvation which Jesus brought, union with Himself, the life of the vine and the branches.

THE DIVINE IN MAN

SEXAGESIMA

THE laws of light are the same, so science teaches us, whether of the sun in the heavens or the smallest ray that pierces the attic window.

Why? Because the sunbeam proceeds from the sun and partakes of its nature.

So the laws of the divine in us, the laws of God in the soul, are the same as the laws of the Universal Father, because we are children of God.

Otherwise there would be one standard of justice, of truth, of holiness for man, and another for God. As Emerson says, "When we discern truth, or justice, etc., we do nothing of ourselves but allow a passage of its beams."

True life is God's life in the soul. Violation of the law of the divine is the dethronement of God within ourselves, the mastery of the lower over the higher self, the triumph of the brute over the spiritual.

Religion is a thing of life, a nearness to God to such a degree that we are conscious always of the divine presence in the soul. The world is not like the top which the boy winds up and sets spinning. The machinist makes a great machine and in a certain sense the machine reflects the thought of the builder, but the machinist does not act in and through the

machine. It can and does run independently of him. God does not guide the world like that.

The old teleological argument compared creation to a watch the arrangement of which must imply an intelligent maker. But the watch is wound and acts without the maker. God does not rule the world like that.

The musician strikes the strings of the harp. The music may be beautiful, but the harp is not the musician, and its strings are useless till touched by trained fingers.

God does not merely superintend the world, but He is in the world.

The soul survives the body, yet while it is in the body it is master of the body. We act and think, but it is the soul acting and thinking through and in our hands and brains.

Creation is the outward manifestation of God in it. The beautiful is beautiful because God is in it. The perfect is perfect because God is in it. Service is service because God is there. Truth is truth because God is there. Love is love because God is there. Human life is divine because God is in it. Christ does not tell us that we shall see God in metaphysical speculations about Him, but He does plainly declare, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The vision of the pure in heart sees the divine in ourselves, and sees it in others. It is so easy to see the bad in human life. Christianity is seeing the good which comes from the divine in the heart of man. We may ridicule some types of posthumous honors. We regard as oriental folly China's conferring of the title "Earl of the First Class" on the Viceroy of Nankin after his death. But do we not act likewise? How often we fail to show our appreciation of a man until after he has gone from us, and how quick we are to strew honors and

encomiums upon his grave! Of what value are these to him now, for it was in the toil, the pain, the struggle of daily life that he needed most our sympathy, our love, our help.

Let us not see the divine in man only when life is ended. It is true that the really great are those who embrace the largest part of humanity within their love. The nearer one comes to God the more of the divine he sees in man. The brotherhood of man in Christ is the brotherhood of the divine within ourselves.

Christ did not reveal Himself simply to show us what righteousness is or what God is, but to show men how they could be righteous, how they could be like God. He did not come with a message of despair but with a message of hope. If a man of physical prowess should show to incurables the strength of sinew and muscle, he would carry to them nothing but disappointment.

Christ came not only to reveal perfect righteousness but to show how we can become righteous. He came not only to reveal God in man but to show us how our divine life is to grow until we become like Him.

GOD'S SYMPATHY

QUINQUAGESIMA

WE speak of omniscience and omnipotence as attributes of God which are beyond our comprehension. But the attribute of God which is more real to us is His Infinite Sympathy. God is not only over us but in us.

Every selfish act or thought mars the divine in us. Every impurity stains the glory of God in man.

There is no sin committed that does not pain the heart of God as only Infinite Love can know.

In every grief we have God grieves more.

Our every joy brings greater joy to the Father's heart.

Why? Because our life is God's life and God's life is our life.

The child is like the father, and by this affinity of nature what is the child's pain or joy is in a larger sense the father's also.

How admirably is this illustrated in that highest example of the Rhodian art, the famous Laocoon statue.

We note that the expression on the faces of the sons, agonized though it is, does not compare with the deeper pain on the father's face.

Why? Because the father is thinking not of himself but of the suffering of his children.

In the matchless Niobe group at Florence we see the same

conception of the artist. The right hand embraces a child while the left is raised as if the mother herself would receive the fatal stroke intended for her children.

The chisel of the sculptor has carved in marble the noblest and tenderest emotion of the human soul, the heart's agony for those we love.

Pain at the suffering of others is keener than suffering ourselves.

So God's love could not be completely revealed without the sacrifice of Calvary.

Here we see the Infinite Love suffering that God may suffer for us and with us.

We can estimate human woe, but we can never begin to understand the divine sorrow of the Christ heart.

We should do well to think more and more on the Infinite Sympathy of Jesus. Are we misunderstood? There is One who was more misunderstood. Are we sorrowful? There is One who sorrowed infinitely more than we. Are we tempted? There is One who was more tempted, yet without sin.

He became the Captain of our Salvation because He was made perfect through suffering. He bids us not "go," but "come, follow after Me," and though the way be rough and steep we know that He has trodden every step before us.

How broad this thought makes our comprehension of Christ's love!

Every sigh of His children, every aspiration of the human heart, every longing directed heavenward, even in ignorance and superstition, must reach the throne of the Infinite.

In the Turkish mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople, once a Christian church, in the half dome above where the old altar stood, there is to be seen through coats of gilding, by

which the Turks have endeavored to cover the sacred picture, the huge mosaic outline of the form of Christ Himself.

There it stands to-day, a halo of glory on His head, His hands spread in benediction.

As the Mohammedan kneels with his face toward Mecca, and calls upon the Prophet and the God of the Prophet, still the benediction of our Saviour, dimly seen through arabesque, is over his head though he knows it not.

So I believe that in every prayer, in every longing for God, in every crying out unto the Infinite Love, however dark the superstition, however crude the form, however dim the understanding, yet through the darkness and the blindness there would be seen, if mortal eyes could only see, the form of our Lord Himself blessing His child.

The Christ heart must be so because it is the Christ Heart.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF SERVICE

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT

A CERTAIN wealthy church was described as being the most aristocratic and exclusive church in the city.

Is such a thing possible as an exclusive Christian church—an exclusive body of Christ, who died for the outcast, the poor, the degraded—an exclusive fellowship of sons of God, of brothers in Christ?

To be a Christian is to have the inclusiveness of Christ which embraced all men, for unless we have the spirit of Christ we are none of His.

Christianity is the Christ love for humanity in the human soul.

Christianity is to feel as Christ felt, to sympathize as Christ sympathized, to love as Christ loved.

With such a spirit of Christ nothing can be more inconsistent than exclusiveness.

What does exclusiveness mean? It means shutting out from ourselves God's great family, shutting out from ourselves a love for humanity, sympathy for the outcast, pity for the distressed—the opportunities for divine service.

It means shutting ourselves in to our narrowness and selfishness, to our littleness, to our desires and pleasures, to our mortality.

We cannot shut out without shutting in.

So it is that we are shut in from the divine love for humanity, from the Christ heart, from the peace of service, from the keen discrimination of things eternal, from the world vision of our divine Lord.

Do we realize that it is only those things that we give forth which are immortal?

The more love we bestow, the more we have; the more hope we put forth, the more it grows; the more faith we place in what is true and real, the greater faith we have.

Of what avail is knowledge unless it is given forth?

The test of a man's power is the ability to serve.

It is what we give out that makes success.

If education creates a caste, then it has become a misnomer, for education is the drawing out of our powers into the capacity for service.

If wealth creates class distinction whereby men through pride and arrogance cut themselves off from real and genuine fellowship with all humanity, then it becomes a curse to its possessor.

We ask why there is not deeper and more vital interest in spiritual things.

Suppose every member of the Church of Christ went forth into the world as a real member of Christ's body, that he served as Christ served, loved as Christ loved, was as humble, as kind, as gentle, as true, as pure, as manly, as strong, that in his daily living he was a Christ in business, in the club, in the home, in all his relation to his fellows.

Suppose all Christians vied with one another in Christian love and service, that, instead of debating over the origin of sin, all energy and power were directed to redeem the fallen and to show forth in the highest degree the spirit of Christ, that

Christians at all times and in all places were willing to suffer as He suffered in the beauty of immortality and service, would not Christianity to-day be an irresistible power appealing to the highest and manliest sentiment in the human soul?

Yes, we need an aristocracy, but not exclusiveness.

We need the aristocracy of worth, and culture, and learning—educated to service.

We need the aristocracy of wealth consecrated to the alleviation of the poor and the suffering.

The assurance of immortality lies in living the immortal life here, and the immortal life is the life of service.

The opportunities of Heaven are the opportunities of service.

The happiness of Heaven is the happiness of service.

Our vision of God depends on our vision of service.

Revelation is the realization of the glory of service.

Jesus' highest joy was the joy of the cross.

And so it is that love becomes the guarantee of immortality.

"We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death."

To love humanity is to love God.

To serve is to be like God Himself.

This is Christianity.

THE JOY OF OUR LORD

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

WHAT is the joy of our Lord? It is the joy of sacrifice and service, the joy of the Cross. "For the joy that was set before Him He endured the cross."

The only abiding joy is the joy which comes through sacrifice. The humble laborer toils that he may make a happy home for wife and children. It is the joy of service. The daughter sits by the bedside of the invalid mother and through the long watches of the night she ministers in loving attentions. It is the joy of service. The scholar denies pleasure and devotes long and weary hours to truth. It is the joy of sacrifice.

We must distinguish between joy and pleasure.

Pleasure is sensuous and as fleeting as the emotions.

Joy is spiritual and is as eternal as the human soul.

The greater the joy, the greater the sacrifice.

We can't live selfish lives here and at death be fitted to enter into the joy of our Lord. Day by day we partake of that joy by loving service, by self-renunciation, by bearing the cross of sacrifice, and this daily living is preparing us for the benediction: "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Are my prayers for my selfish interests? Christ's prayers were for others and for strength and help to serve others. Do I believe my creed simply because it is a comfortable and easy

way to save my own soul? Christ's faith found its full expression in absolute sacrifice. Christian manhood demands that we think less about being saved and more about being saviours. We may tell men about our divine Saviour, about His love and sacrifice. But men must see the Saviour's love and sacrifice revealed in our own lives.

We may cry out that we are so vile and sinful, but that wail is never going to save the world. Is it Christianity that we should continue Christian invalids? No, Christianity is life, and the Christed life means that we are growing more and more into a vigorous and robust and virile Christian character, fitted to serve as Jesus served.

The entrance into the joy of Christ is more possible for the poor laborer who consecrates his small earnings to the happiness of the little family he serves than for the rigid legalist who may have his pew in the Christian Church, and yet pays to a human soul a starving wage for the long labor of the day, and advances his social position and his wealth through the oppression of the poor. He may strive in this way for what he thinks is abiding happiness, but at the last he will discover that he has made a big mistake.

The supreme choice of life is the choice between joy and pleasure, between sacrifice and selfishness.

The Greek word for joy carries with it the idea of renunciation. We must give up something to enter higher joy. I have often seen on the Greek sepulchral monuments the word *chaire* "farewell." It was spoken as friend parted with friend. It was the last word whispered in the ear of the dying. Its other meaning was strangely antithetic. It became a word of gladness and hope; *chaire* "rejoice." After all we see in it an epitome of life. The mother would keep her babe that she may feel the tender

pressure of its little hand upon her cheek. The entrance into boyhood brings *chaire* "farewell" to mother's earlier care, but "rejoice" for the stronger life. The youth enters school or college, and painful is the farewell to the shelter of the old home, but sadness brings the greater joy of the promise of larger preparation. Commencement brings the valedictory, "farewell" to hallowed associations, but "rejoice" because the life goes out into the busy world to serve, to help and to bless.

When life draws to its close and loved ones stand about our bed, there comes again the same old word, *chaire* "farewell," but may the *chaire* "farewell" be in its sublimest sense the *chaire* "rejoice"; "Enter into the joy of thy Lord," the joy of immortal love, service and self-denial!

THE UPLIFTED CHRIST

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

JESUS says, "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto Me." Why is it that *all* men have not been drawn to the infinite love of our Redeemer? It is because the Christ which we are holding up to them is the Christ of our own pattern. We are holding up the likeness of ourselves in place of Christ. We are holding up the Christ of our narrow conceptions, the Christ of the religionist, the Christ of the philosopher, the Christ of the sentimentalist, and men turn away. No, it is not the Christ they turn from, but our little perverted image of the Christ. Ah, if Christians would hold up the Christ of truth, the Christ of love, the Christ of sacrifice, the Christ of manliness, every God-sent soul would respond.

In the uplifted Christ we see the great loving heart of God. That is what the world is longing for. A little child said to her father, "The road is so steep and the night is so dark I fear I cannot hold your hand." The father smiled and answered, "You don't have to hold my hand, my child; I will hold *your* hand." So God speaks to us and to all His children. But if God holds our hand, He leads us in the steps of our divine Saviour, and if we follow, then we shall surely hold up to the world His love and sacrifice. The holy pattern as revealed in our lives will be unmarred by selfishness, littleness, or meanness.

The highest joy of life is in Christly service. It is said

that there was a poor laborer of London who ministered to his invalid wife. He told the physician the simple story of his daily life, how he arose early in the morning and attended to all the needs of the sick before going to the hard labor of the day, how he came home at noon and prepared the midday meal, how at night every duty was joyous with love as he arranged the pillows and made everything bright and cheerful about the room. "For," he said, "I promised I'd love her, comfort her, honor her, keep her, in sickness and in health. I've tried to and we've been so happy. Sir, love does it all. You'll want to comfort her, you'll have to honor her, and if sickness comes you'll love her all the more." A sob and tearstained eyes told that she on the sick bed answered to every word. The humble workman placed his hand in hers as he said, "Sir, I can't wish for you better happiness than I have had. I wish for you as much, and I take it, I'm about the *happiest* man in London." Yes, he was right. No man could be happier, for he was holding up the Christly love and service, and walking in His steps.

Every visitor to Rome is interested in watching the crowd ascending the *scala santa* supposed to have been brought from Pilate's Judgment Hall. The faithful mount stair by stair on their knees and after reciting a prayer bend down and kiss the holy steps where Jesus walked. Yes, Christianity is to adore and to tread the foot-steps of the Saviour. But following the steps of Jesus is not kissing a marble slab—that were easy—but it means following the divine Master in sacrifice to humanity, following His steps as they trod the hot Judean sand in loving ministrations, following them as they went in daily duty however humble, in prayer on the lonely mountain-side, in fasting in the desert, in struggle with temptation, in rebuking the proud and selfish and hypocritical. Yes, we are to follow those

blessed feet as they went so weak and weary and suffering to rugged Calvary there to be pierced that humanity might realize a divine love, a divine sonship, incarnate in suffering.

To hold up Christ to the world is to be a Christ with the Christ sympathy, with the Christ heart, with the Christ love, with the Christ vision, with the Christ renunciation, with the Christ sorrow, with the Christ peace, with the Christ courage, with the Christ loyalty to truth, with the Christ forgiveness—in one word, with the Christ manhood.

THE SCHOOL OF THE CROSS

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

A FEW summers ago I had the privilege of visiting Oberammergau and witnessing the Kreuzeschule, or the Lesson of the Cross, reproduced for the first time since 1875. Nine living pictures from the famous Passion Play were introduced into this drama.

I find that the sacred tragedy which these humble peasants enact every ten years becomes a real part of their lives. Even the most casual traveler notices a hallowed and sweetened influence pervading the entire community.

I visited Anthon Lang, who takes the part of Christ. I went into his workshop where he practises his lowly trade as a potter and wood carver. We sat together upon a bench and talked about the life of the villagers. Some little boys passed wearing long hair, and I asked for an explanation of this custom. The answer was, "These children are being raised up to take our places when we are gone. This boy is to be the Christ some day; another, the Apostle Paul."

And I thought what a beautiful idea that little children from their earliest years should be raised up to be Christs. Their life must become in its unfolding more like the great pattern they imitate.

In the afternoon of the sacred drama I saw these same

villagers whom I had learned to love gathered about the table enacting the solemn scene of the Last Supper. I saw Anthon Lang hanging on the cross, portraying the tremendous sacrifice of Calvary. The scene was transcendently impressive, not on account of the acting, which was inferior to our highest artistic standards, but because the lives of the actors were in harmony with the spirit of the solemn events presented.

But suppose in my visit to this quiet village I had observed a spirit of greed, selfishness, jealousy, slander, backbiting, which, alas! so frequently is found in communities called Christian, would not the sacred scenes of the drama have been a parody on the lesson of Calvary? What does the name "Christian" mean? Is not its full significance an acting the part of Christ in the world? Does it not mean life's manifestation of the forgiveness and love of Christ? Was not the Church of God instituted to be simply the continuous and increasing revelation of the spirit and life of its divine Founder?

The Greeks called him who was acting on the stage a part different from his own personality *hypokrites*—a word which has given us our grievously suggestive term, hypocrite.

And yet, how many, very often unconsciously, in prayer, praise, and profession, are acting out a part not really vital to themselves! Alas, the bickerings over creed, formulas, and polity which for centuries have disgraced the followers of Christ! Alas, the rivalry, jealousy, and lust for power among those who profess to show to the world the image of our Lord! Christianity is to be a Christ in the home, in business, in society, in the Church of God. It is nothing more than this, and certainly it is nothing less. May the great lesson of our responsibility come home to us, that, like the peasants of this humble Bavarian village, we who bear the name of Christ have

this solemn part to play in Christlike ministrations to the poor and the outcast and the degraded!

We are justly proud of the history of the Church of Christ, but our pride should not be in the wealth and culture of her communicants, in the beauty of church architecture, in the grandeur of the ritual, but in that great number of Christ-like lives which have gone forth to bless the world, to give comfort to the sorrowing, strength to the weak, and balm to the suffering.

Far greater is the company of those who have been called home than of those who remain, and if the departed are permitted to share in the joys of those who were near and dear to them in this life, we must believe that a great company which no man can see is watching over us and inspiring us for greater service.

The cross which adorns our altars often bears many jewels, the pious offerings of self-denial. So our acts of love and service form the rich gems of our cross of sacrifice which will sparkle forever in the brightness of the eternal city.

THE ANNUNCIATION

FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION

I REMEMBER a glorious dawn which I witnessed on the day of the Feast of the Annunciation at Girgenti, the ancient Agrigentum in Sicily. I had opened the shutters of our room which overlooked the great valley below, and before me from the height of a thousand feet above the sea stretched one of the grandest panoramas I had ever seen.

Below the hill spread out the soft azure blue of the Mediterranean as delicate in coloring as the cloudless sky in summer at early sunrise. The moon was hanging over the waters while the valley was lying in darkness. Soon the rays of the sun shot up from the east, reflecting soft tints of saffron on the western sky above the hills and crossing the valley with bands of yellow light which gradually deepened into richer shades. The vale suddenly grew brighter while the mountain shadows projected far within. Almost before we could follow them the colorings had changed their tints and the hues upon the waters increased in luster from the pale blue to more vivid purple until the sea began to sparkle and the sun arose, filling with its golden light the whole valley.

Now we could see distinctly the magnificent Greek temples at our feet whose silent columns told of a faith centuries before Christ was born.

The deep-toned Cathedral bell began to ring. Its labored notes were drowned by the clanging of smaller bells from little shrines, all this shrill chorus being echoed among the hills.

It was the morning of the Feast of the Annunciation and all nature was sharing in the joyful message. The ruined temples, sad and somber in the deep valley, spoke of a worship which was dead. The bells were ringing in the tidings of the coming of the Sun of Righteousness.

So on the ruins of our dead past, with all our failures, with all our shattered hopes, with all our broken ideals, with all our dark sin, may there dawn from the skies the divine life touched by the glory of God Himself.

If we are really Christians, our souls will become bright with the splendor of Heaven. God did not reveal Himself to the world and then cease. He did not speak and then still His voice forever. He was once incarnate, but He did not thereafter cease to dwell in man.

The light of God is in the world to-day more than ever before. Emmanuel, "God with us," is as true to-day as when our Saviour walked the earth. He speaks to us as clearly as He did through the prophets of old unto His people. Humanity through the incarnate Christ is being made more and more the habitation of the divine, that God, as our Redeemer prayed, may glorify it with the same glory wherewith He glorified Jesus Himself.

Let us never for a moment lose sight of this great fundamental truth. It is our hope and inspiration, the supreme purpose of our daily living, to reveal God's glory.

Christ did not come into the world simply to show us what incarnate righteousness was, or how God could become man. While this was supremely necessary, He does not stop there, but He points us to His divine example and shows us how man can become like God.

There is no resemblance between the acorn and the oak;

the oak cannot become the acorn, but the acorn can become the oak.

So man under a transforming power as gradual, as imperceptible, as natural, can become Christlike.

Does the light of God illumine our souls, dispelling error, hate, and ignorance, and filling them with divine glory which we reflect?

THE JOY OF THE CROSS

PALM SUNDAY

FOR the joy that was set before Him, He endured the Cross." The joy of the cross is the joy of sacrifice. We place the cross high on heaven-pointing spire, and it casts its shadow on the city street. Hurrying throngs pass over it, and how little they realize the lesson which it brings. Frivolous women wear it as a gilded bauble about their neck; they jest and indulge in small talk and perhaps even speak evil of another. How little they know of the lesson of the cross.

Recently I had charge, during the summer, of a New York parish, and there came a knock on the office door late in the afternoon. I found there a poorly dressed woman who asked me to respond immediately to a case of destitution and sickness. I asked her why she had come, and this was her answer, "I was told to go until I saw a church which had a cross on it, and if I appealed there for help I would not be turned down." I thought how unwittingly, but how truly, the woman had given the profound meaning of the cross. It says to humanity, "Come to Me, all ye who are in sorrow and blindness and despair and sin, and I will lift you to the skies." The joy of the cross must be our joy before we can enter the bliss of heaven.

The philosophers have many theories as to how to attain happiness. The statement of Aristotle is most concise and true.

He defines happiness as a state, not a condition, an internal thing, and not external. He clearly differentiates between happiness and pleasurable sensations. Such sensations form no real part of life, and when their succession is broken or man becomes surfeited, all joy is at an end. Happiness is life, and to imagine the addition of happiness to an already perfect life, is just as impossible as to imagine the addition of health to an already healthy body. If my body is sound I don't have to go to a sanitarium in search of health, for my perfect physical condition *is* health. So if life is sound, we do not have to search for happiness, because indeed life *is* happiness. Some one may ask, "What is ideal life?" and we point to the perfect life of Jesus. But the life of Jesus was the life of absolute self-renunciation and service. Therefore, true happiness is the happiness of sacrifice. It is the joy of the cross.

It is related that one freezing winter night a poor woman wrapped the only covering which she had about her little child. As she lay dying some days later from exposure to the cold, she was asked if she had any request to make. She replied, "I have nothing to ask for myself, but—O my child, my darling child!—will you not care for my child?" And with these words upon her lips her soul went into the beyond. Think you not that she heard Christ say, "He that loseth his life the same will save it"? What a refuge that mother's love must have found in the great loving heart of God! That was the mother's joy, the joy of sacrifice, the joy of the cross. The more we enter into it, the more we enter into the joy of Christ.

Quite recently we gathered on the night of Maundy Thursday on the Mount of Olives near Jerusalem. We read in the light of the bright moon the solemn narrative of our Lord's

sufferings. There were wafted to us from a band of Christians not far off the words of the familiar hymn—

“Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.”

This was the spirit of Christ's prayer: “Thy will be done even though it be the Cross.” I asked myself, “Do we really mean these words as we sing them?” Suppose our Lord should say, “My child, you wish to come nearer to Me; I will give you the Cross”; what would be our answer? Would we say, “Not now, O God,” or would we say, “I will bear the Cross and it will be my highest joy”?

The agony was like the sweat of blood, but the victory was the victory of sacrifice. Could we now have looked upon the face of Christ, we should have seen it serenely tranquil. With calm voice He awakes His sleeping disciples and with firm step He meets His betrayer. Death had no terror, for the joy of the Cross had triumphed.

To this joy Christ calls us; and may we enter into this joy of our Lord! But this joy is the joy of a God of Sacrifice. It is the joy of the Cross.

RESURREXIT

EASTER

IN the Lateran Museum the Roman and the Christian sepulchral inscriptions are strikingly grouped together. In the one we often read despair and anguish; in the other, resignation and faith. Even the casual visitor cannot fail to be deeply impressed, for he is standing where the old faith of Rome and Christianity are brought into marked antithesis.

The majority of these early followers of our Lord were ignorant men. They huddled in fear in the subterranean vaults of the catacombs and laid their precious dead in these dismal corridors, not knowing how soon the sword of persecution might fall upon their own heads. It required the highest courage at such an epoch to be a follower of Christ.

The Latinist is impressed with the scrawled characters and the misspelled words, yet amid the crude mortuary testimonials of the Christian dead we see the sacred symbols of our faith speaking more eloquently than grand panygerics. The rough stone with its barbarous Latinity tells of something which the Roman world knew not.

Yes, the beautiful marble slabs taken often from the most costly mausoleums and containing proud Roman epitaphs give us a touching picture of a faith not founded upon the guarantee of immortality.

. Here is a fair example of dismal stoicism: "I have lived

as thou livest. Thou shalt die as I have died. Neither to you nor to me was it granted to be immortal." The light Epicurean vein is seen in the following: "While I lived, I lived. My play is ended. Soon yours will be. Farewell." A mother with soul anguish laments: "O relentless Fortune, who delightest in cruel death! Why is my Maximus so suddenly snatched from me, he who lately used to be in my bosom? Here is his tomb."

Enough of this sad picture. We turn to read the rude Christian monuments: "He sleeps in Christ." What a world of meaning in this short sentence. How often has been sung over the graves of our beloved the familiar hymn, "Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep." We find such euphemisms for death as, "He is with the saints," "He is called by angels," "He will rise again," for Christ has risen. Such the message that came on that first Easter morn, and down through the centuries it has rolled like heavenly music. Loved ones gone join their voices in the "resurrexit."

Why do we picture death with greedy and hungry look, with cruel and sunken eye, with grim and savage visage, with plumes of sable black plucked from the wings of night? We toll the bell and the measured sombre cadence falls upon our ears like clods upon the coffin.

Is this consistent with belief in the risen Lord? Rather we should do as the Moravians. When one of their number dies the clear voice of the trombone, high in the belfry tower, wafts out over the air the notes of some sweet hymn. "Listen!" say the people. "Some one has gone home." Ah! that we might see with the eye of faith, not with the eye of sense. Then we should rejoice where now we are sad.

The risen Christ means a present Christ. Both thoughts are of equal importance to our Christian life and faith. The

OR THE CHRISTED LIFE

religion of our Lord is founded not only on His resurrection, but also on the firm assurance of His abiding presence through all time. We may linger at the empty grave, yet fail to have in ourselves the risen life of an ever present Saviour.

Richard Wagner used to say: "If I can keep my soul this day pure, untouched by pettiness, untainted by things which the world deems important, undiverted by fictitious values and standards, then I rise to life divine."

THE LESSON OF THE RESURRECTION

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

A DIVINE Father near to each human soul, acting in and through the events of daily life, and a Risen Christ revealing God's nature to us through our personal communion with Him! This is the Easter triumph.

Modern Christian criticism may discuss, as it is now doing, the historical and quasi-physiological problem as to whether the Risen Christ had a "material body spiritualized" or a "spiritual body materialized," whether His actual flesh and blood came forth from the grave, as the gospel narrative most distinctly gives us to understand, or whether He bore that celestial and incorruptible body which St. Paul declares is the body of the resurrection. Yet we need have no fear that the conclusion—if one ever be reached in the future—will affect that vital truth on which our Christian faith has been grounded for nineteen centuries.

The lesson of the Resurrection is purely a personal and individual one. We do well to ask ourselves soberly and seriously what that lesson is. Like all divine truths it is wondrously simple, yet deeply significant and full of transcendent responsibility. It means nothing less than such life-union with Christ as to effect in us a participation in His immortal and divine character—assuredly no easy process, but the struggle

and achievement of a life in constant touch and fellowship with Him.

The lesson of Easter plainly tells us that we must die to our selfish selves, to our littleness, narrowness, pride and hate, and rise to the eternal life of service.

No Easter triumph can come to any soul without first a Golgotha of individual sacrifice and self-renunciation. Heaven is no fit place or condition for a man who knows not what service is.

The risen Christ reveals the immortality of love realized in the soul of man, a conception briefly summarized by our Lord in the seeming paradox, "He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life, the same shall save it."

The risen Christ reveals the immortality of truth. The self-opinionated whose prejudices and preconceptions shut out honest inquiry cannot commune with a God of truth. The revelation of Christ was the revelation of truth, and intellectual integrity is the liberty of every son of God: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

The risen Christ reveals the immortality of service. The divine activity is continually self-giving. God is forever showing the divineness of service. This is the life of God and it is a uniform, inflexible and eternal law that we must enter into such a life before we can approach the infinite ideal of humanity which reveals God. The flowers and starry heavens sing together because there is between them the affinity of showing God's beauty. But between a selfish soul and God there can be no communion.

The risen Christ reveals what was central in the mind of God from eternity. This darling thought in divine evolution was the perfect humanity revealed in the Son of Man. We call

Christ our Lord, our King, our Master, and our God, and justly so, but the dearest title to Him and the one oftenest upon His lips is that of the Son of Man, because it shows what man can be in Him and through Him. To that humanity we link our hopes of immortality, and we are confident they will not disappoint us.

The lesson of Easter is simply this, that we live the immortal life here, the life of love, sacrifice, truth, beauty, and hope as revealed in Christ; that we enter into such individual fellowship with our Lord as to enable us to realize in Him the life of God, for He has said, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father"; that we appropriate His divine life expressed in the joy of self-denial, though it leads us to Calvary.

THE PERMANENCE OF LIFE

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

WE know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The apostle tells us after ages of human experience and in the light of Christian hope that we *know* of a building from God, everlasting in Heaven, that will supersede the earthly house of our sojourn.

We feel that thought is so intimately bound up with the life of the brain that we sometimes ask: "Can consciousness survive when the physical functions of the brain cease?"

On the hypothesis of what is known as the transmissive function, science declares that the survival of consciousness is possible and even probable.

This hypothesis would surround us with a "mother sea of thought," which in theistic language we call God. It would show that the brain does not generate but rather transmits thought, coarsely or finely, as the organism be coarse or delicate.

Some German psychologists postulate thought waves more subtle than those of sight or sound, which reach their highest crest in periods of mental activity and fall so as to become imperceptible in moments of sleep. Yet every undulation—even those of which we are unconscious in sleeping hours—remains imperishably stamped upon the personality.

The teaching of this school of psychology is pronounced in

its opinion of the permanence of identity. It teaches that every mental act, which has become a part of the soul's life, though it may be temporarily obscured, can never be lost. It is not a wonder we remember; the wonder is that we ever forget.

It is related that a mother who had lost a son in manhood hired a famous artist to paint his likeness.

The artist consented on condition that she provide him with portraits of her son in his several stages from babyhood to maturer years.

When the picture was finished it portrayed in the center the mother holding her infant boy, while round in a circle were grouped representations of her dead in childhood, in youth, and in young manhood.

"Ah," cried the mother, "how this brings back to me the child which I have lost!"

"Madam," replied the artist, "it is not one child you have lost; in your son you have lost four children."

The babe is just as much lost in the child, the child in the youth, the youth in the man, as when that life passed into the unseen. Yet there was something in the mother's heart which told her that in spite of change that which was the object of her affection was unchangeable.

In the thoughtful language of Seneca, "We are daily dying; daily some part of life is taken from us. Even while we are increasing, life is decreasing; we have lost childhood, boyhood, youth. This very day which we are living we share with death. It is not the last grain of sand which drains the hour-glass but what has flowed out before. So our final hour does not bring death but only its consummation."

Through all this dying and repairing we are the same.

The scientific argument leads us to the verdict of evolu-

tion. It tells us that from the rain of atoms and the sport of the fire mists, through the measureless æons of varying vegetable and animal life, on and on through stretches of space and time too vast for human thought up to the perfection of the human spirit made Christlike and divine, there was one central idea in the mind of God, conceived and brought forth in the travail of great elemental forces of the universe, at a cost of sacrifice and love stupendous beyond the power of mind to grasp, *that we ourselves might be made like God.*

It tells us the meaning of sorrow, suffering, trial and death, how these are refining character till the divine in man is transfigured into the likeness of Christ.

This is the cost of a human soul and how infinitely precious it must be in God's sight. It is eternal like God Himself. Man is never so Godlike as when he suffers and serves.

The Christed life of sacrifice is immortal. The more we enter into it the more we are building our "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

THE INCORRUPTIBLE CROWN

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

THE figure is the most forceful that the apostle could have used in writing to the Church at Corinth. In sight of this rich and luxurious city, within the Grove of Poseidon, were celebrated the Isthmian Games. The metaphor speaks of the victor's prize won in the Greek contests, the most splendid of which were the Olympian. We cannot appreciate the appropriateness of the language until we enter somewhat into the true Greek spirit. Let us briefly describe the ancient sanctuary of Olympia.

We alighted at the little village of Druva and ascending on foot a rather steep hill looked down upon the scene of desolation before us. Here and there was standing a broken pillar, while all about were columns lying in fragments thrown down by some vast upheaval, as if a mighty wind had mown down great trees of the forest.

Up to the time of the German excavations the sacred valley was covered to a depth of twelve to fifteen feet. Time had spread a mantle of earth over the spot, and flowers and trees grew where once victors were crowned with the priceless olive.

We could easily imagine the old sanctuary alive again. Thousands upon thousands of pilgrims were crowding the hill-sides. Sacred heralds had carried tidings of a time of universal peace. Along the bank of the Alpheos and over the plain we

could see the tents of the multitude. Shopkeepers were selling bargains. Herds of sheep and oxen were standing ready for the great sacrifices. We look into the crowd and we see Lysias addressing a company from the opisthodomos of the Zeus Temple. Plato and Pythagoras walk here. Pindar and Simonides are singing their sparkling odes.

We picture the scene at midnight, when all had retired and the contestants were eagerly waiting for the morrow. In the clear oriental sky the stars seem very near. The moon is in full splendor and its light falls upon a glorious picture; the sleeping multitude, the silent temples, beautiful in their grandeur, the crowd of statues which throng the sacred enclosure, the Alpheos flowing silently along the range of hills, the Mount of Kronos, the slope of which on the morrow will be crowded with spectators.

Now we pass under the vaulted archway through which the contestants enter the stadium. We place our toe on the deep groove which extends the length of the marble slab and recall to our minds the Greek athlete as, full of vigor and with the promise of immortal glory before him, he waits breathless for the signal and then shoots down the course. Relatives and friends are sending forth cheer upon cheer of encouragement. We think of the apostle's words, "Seeing we are encompassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race set before us." We see the palm branch of victory presented to the victor on the spot.

We wander again among the ruins. Now we see the solemn procession which escorts the victors to the Temple of Zeus, there to receive the priceless crown of olive. Music fills the holy place and before the matchless statue of the Phidian Zeus the victor kneels while it seems as if that calm and majestic

face returns the thanksgiving of his heart with the smile of Deity.

Hard fought was the struggle of the ancient victor, but the apostle's words speak to us of a far greater and sterner contest. It may not be heralded and the world may not applaud. Our fight may be unnoticed and unseen, and none but God approve.

The olive wreath faded away, but the apostle assures us of an incorruptible crown. The reward of Christian heroism is imperishable. Every noble deed, every self-denial, every generous act, every loving service, is preparing us for the incorruptible crown.

As the Greek victor received the olive wreath in the presence of his God, so every victory over self brings to the human heart a vision of our God fuller, truer, and more abiding than statue carved by the hand of man.

The incorruptible crown is the Christ halo on the soul, the very image of God in the heart of man.

THE ENTRANCE INTO LIFE EVERLASTING

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

THERE is a mortal life and there is an immortal life. We live one or the other here on earth. The mortal life is made up of those elements which are transitory and perishable; the immortal life, of those which abide and are eternal. To make a sharp distinction between these qualities let us say that the mortal elements are those which perish by the using, while the immortal increase as we spend them. We know, of course, that riches and possessions diminish and are consumed. This is the stamp of mortality. A life wedded to these is mortal with them. "A man's life," says Christ, "does not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

In sharp antithesis to these are those elements which grow and increase in strict proportion to our expenditure of them. We know that love grows greater as we give it forth. The soul is filled with increased trust as we nurture faith. More beautiful becomes our life as it expresses beauty.

We must not imagine that the great gulf between the mortal and the immortal is marked by the change which we call death. Immortality does not begin there. It begins *here*. The life given to the temporal is temporal. The life that lays hold on the eternal and abiding is eternal, and the ages of the ages are simply filling the soul with larger, richer, higher life.

Christ saw the world a slave to power, greed, avarice, and

He came to break the chains. He came to point to the eternal beauty, the eternal love which cannot abide in selfish hearts.

I wonder if amid the press of business, the rush of enterprise, the rivalry of ambition, the intoxication of power, the world really considers what is that life which Jesus brought. I wonder if it sees its promise and its hope. I wonder if it is appropriating more and more its essential qualities which are immortal.

There are other elements of life which we wish might perish as soon as they are born, but which, alas, may become truly immortal. They are hate, greed, suspicion, lust, pride, jealousy. The more the heart feeds on them the darker the life becomes, until they form a hell of which the eternal hell is the continuation and extension, shutting from the soul the vision of the God of glory.

Homer, Virgil, and Dante have endeavored to portray hell with pictures of horror, but we can conceive no hell more dreadful or gloomy than a human heart controlled by passion. The laws of God are natural, and it is not natural for peace, love, purity, beauty, to dwell in such abode.

Our Lord says that one must be born again to enter the Kingdom of God. The new birth is the beginning of new life, the entrance upon immortal existence, the appreciation and laying hold of those qualities which belong to the life which Jesus brought. To be a Christian is to have the mind of the Lord Jesus, and the new birth is the beginning of that mind in man.

The mind of Jesus must grow in us gradually and progressively till Christ's thought is our thought, till Christ's life is our life. To have the mind of Christ is to look upon truth as Jesus did, honestly and bravely. To have the mind of Christ is

to be as pure as Christ was pure, with our souls free from vulgar, mean and selfish thoughts.

Is this but an ideal of life which man cannot attain? No. This is the test of our Christianity. "Know ye not," says the apostle, "that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

This is the great achievement of the human soul, and it is nowhere more strongly or beautifully put than in the sublime utterance, "Till we all come . . . unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

That is life, "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." That is happiness. That is heaven.

THE SOUL'S ACHIEVEMENT

ASCENSION DAY

THE achievement of the soul is "the house not made with hands," which we are daily building in the heavens.

We look at one of the city's sky-scrapers and we shudder to think how appalling the catastrophe if its walls should collapse. But we know that steel girders support them and that the steel has been tested in the furnace of fire. It seems sometimes as if life would be crushed under the burden of sorrow, but how comforting is the assurance, "He knoweth our frame," and no burden will be too heavy to bear.

Salvation is character, and that part of life endures which has been tested and tried. Our building in heaven will be what we put into it. God takes the material we give Him. This is a solemn thought, for it carries with it the responsibility to build properly. If we are selfish, our building must be selfish. If we are hateful, our building must be ugly. Every thought, word, aspiration, deed, is built therein everlastingly. Professor James goes so far as to declare that just as the stubs remain in the check book, to register the transaction when the check is removed, so every mental act which has become a part of the soul's life will endure forever. How unequivocally this scientific declaration points to future joy or remorse.

The building of our mansion in heaven is a gradual process. We work for "a penny a day." We never receive a

large sum all at once, but the little reward for daily duties. The scholar attains truth, not in a day, but little by little. The soul's character grows, little by little, day by day. It is the same old story, the mustard seed and then the great tree; the blade, then the ear, then the full corn.

How beautiful we can make our building! Love, the refulgent light; faith and hope, the stately pillars; purity, the glistering gem; duty, the symmetry and proportion; sacrificial consecration, the imperishable and everlasting walls.

How many frescoes are painted on the walls of our building! These scenes are not forgotten by the recording angel. Christ has given a glimpse of some, "When I was hungry you fed Me"—that's one; "When I was sick you came unto Me"—that's another. These little acts of service, unnoticed and unseen, we shall find in the light of heaven transformed and glorified into service for the King.

How different will be our buildings! The humble laborer, the devoted mother, the patient sufferer on the bed of pain, are building faithfulness, consecration, patience therein. Recently I was sitting by the bedside of one who was dying of a painful and lingering disease. He turned to me and said, "Tell me why God allows me to still live in such suffering." I replied, "One reason is that you may show to me and to others how a Christian can bear suffering." All the patience of those weary days of agony was built into the heavenly mansion. The scholar builds truth, the artist beauty, the physician balm and comfort, the Sister of Charity builds a Christly dwelling, for her life is Christly sacrifice.

God is all the time refining our building. That is the meaning of sorrow, pain, death. It is the rough stone calling for the sculptor's chisel. How hard the mallet strikes! But the

stone now becomes a stately column in a holy shrine. "Him that overcometh, I will make a pillar in the temple of My God."

It is inspiring to see workmen building a foundation. You can almost imagine the heaven-pointing superstructure. There is nothing in this world so sad as to see a foundation on which no superstructure has been erected. It tells of failure. The plans of the architect have not been realized. The walls stand crumbling and decaying. But there is something infinitely sadder in God's sight. It is the foundation of life on which no superstructure has been built. God's plan for that life has not been carried out. Aspirations heavenward have never been realized. God speaks to us with His divine voice in the soul telling us to build, build into the "measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

REVELATION

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION

THE highest knowledge is the knowledge of God, not knowing about God but knowing God. There is a vast difference in knowing about a thing and knowing a thing.

The science of botany was to my grandfather very different from what the science of botany is to me. The text books which he used have all been superseded to-day, and yet he may have known the flowers more intimately than I. He may have communed with them and taken into his life their purity and beauty.

So too his intellectual knowledge about God was perhaps not what present theology would accept but he may have known God better than I, and have entered into closer fellowship with Him.

A former pupil of mine, who now occupies a Professor's chair in a distinguished institution, came into my study one day, and asked me this question, "What is the aim of religion?" I replied that the aim of all religion was the communion of the personal soul with God. He asked, "How is this communion to be effected?" and I replied that such communion depends upon the degree of our removal of the veil that separates us from God, and then I added the words of a distinguished thinker: "The veil is always on the face of man, never on the face of God."

So it is that revelation comes to man. It is a gradual process.

Take the student as he begins his high school or college course. He knows nothing of the great laws of astronomy, mathematics, chemistry, and physics, but as he goes on the veil is taken away, not from knowledge but from himself, and step by step he learns more of God's thoughts. The discovery of scientific truth shows the world not a new truth but it removes the veil from human eyes.

Take the artist. Did you ever stand with him before a beautiful landscape, and have him point out to you glories and delicacies you had not seen? What is he doing? Not making new beauties but taking the veil from your eyes.

So we grow in the knowledge of God not suddenly, but we see the God of Love more and more revealed as the veil of pride, suspicion, jealousy, and hate is taken from our soul. We see the God of Truth as the veil of ignorance and prejudice is removed.

Heaven is communion with God and communion with God depends upon our knowledge of Him.

As we can remove this veil, so we can thicken it in the same degree. The veil can become denser, the glass more darkened by removal from Him. We may mistake the glitter and tinsel of religion for the face of God. If we are living mortal, selfish lives, we see and love only those elements of life which are destructible. The soul becomes lost in what is perishable. It does not cleave to the essential and permanent. All this comes under the operation of a law as natural as the progress of human life.

Let us take pride as an example. Pride comes in between self and God. Pride is a veil and before God can be revealed

to that human heart this veil must be removed, and the removal of this veil is revelation.

Again, take prejudice. A man with prejudice in his soul cannot see the truth wholly and sanely. There come between him and truth his own preconceived ideas. A veil shuts him from the God of Truth.

Finally, take hatred. The human heart filled with anger, the lips which speak the unkind word, put between the soul and God a veil that is very black. How can the God of Love reveal Himself to such a soul? Every unkind thought, every mean act, removes us from the vision of love and consequently shuts us from the divine presence.

The heart must be pure, that is, *cleansed* from these passions which darken vision. Then we shall realize from our own experience what Christ meant when He said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

THE HALO OF DIVINE INTENSITY

WHITSUNDAY

WE might wonder why God's Holy Spirit did not descend upon the apostles amid the ceremonial grandeur of the Temple. But it came not there. It was in an insignificant room in an insignificant street of Jerusalem that the Holy Ghost appeared in tongues of flame symbolizing divine intensity and zeal.

To-day God's spirit comes to us if we are ready to receive it. Our responsibility concerns itself with the degree of our receptivity. Think what it means to have the Holy Spirit enter the human soul.

It means the driving out of ignorance, prejudice, selfishness, impurity, and pride.

Have I been envious of another? Envy will have no place in my heart, for the Spirit of Christly Service dwells in me.

Have I been unforgiving? I shall be more charitable, for the Spirit of Love dwells in me.

Have I been little and narrow? I shall see with broad vision, for the Spirit of Truth dwells in me.

Have I been selfish? I shall live for others, for the Spirit of Sacrifice dwells in me.

The Divine Spirit brings transformation.

We are metamorphosed into the likeness of the Divine, and this metamorphosis means that we reflect the life of God.

If the world is to be saved it must be done through the revelation of the Holy Spirit in our own lives.

The Eiffel Tower at Paris is now a great Marconi station. It receives the ether waves as they are transmitted from far beyond the sea. Originally it was erected for purposes of gain. The highest motive of its builders was a pecuniary one. For long years after the Paris Exposition it stood idle, a mere freak of man's invention. But to-day it has been touched with the finger of human progress, it catches the thousand messages from the skies, it has linked itself to the great immortal law of service.

And so it is when our selfish and idle life has been touched with the finger of God's Holy Spirit. Like the Eiffel Tower we radiate messages of truth and courage, of healing and power. We become God's ministering spirits and we speak with new tongues. Our hearts glow with divine fire and we cast a benediction upon the world.

St. Francis of Assisi once took a monk with him into the city telling him that they would preach that morning to the people. After passing through many of the city streets the monk said, "Francis, I thought we were going to preach. Is it not time that we began to preach our sermons?" St. Francis answered: "Why, we have been preaching all this morning! As we have touched our fellow-men on the crowded thoroughfares, the sorrowing, the despairing, the sick, the afflicted, the sinful, the ignorant, we have been preaching sermons more eloquent than spoken words."

So it is as we pass in and out amid the rush of busy life. We are preaching our sermons. Our passing will make men stronger or weaker. We bring comfort to the sorrowing, help to the weak, balm to the suffering, truth to the benighted, in

such proportion as our own lives have been touched and kindled by the Holy Spirit.

May the halo of our life ever cast a benediction upon the world!

THE ANCHOR OF THE SOUL

TRINITY SUNDAY

WHICH hope we have as an anchor of the soul sure and steadfast, which entereth into that within the veil."

It recently was my privilege to stand beside an old Greek anchor which had lately been unearthed. We never look upon a relic of this kind which has been buried for twenty centuries or more without the feeling of reverence and awe.

We think of the story that it might tell of that far away age. We think of the hands that once grasped it, now long mouldered into dust. We think of names long since forgotten. We look back through the vista of the centuries which have intervened, during which men have lived lives just like ours with the same sorrows, the same disappointments, the same joys.

We wonder what story this relic has to tell. And it does have its story, for in spite of rust and corrosion I saw in large Greek uncials the words *Zeus hypsistos*, which we may translate, "God in the highest."

These words speak volumes. Think you not that the Greek sailor in his little craft, rude, primitive, a plaything of the waves, felt more secure because he knew that down there in the slime and ooze and mud of the ocean's bottom his anchor bore the name of God supreme? Perhaps the apostle had seen such an anchor, and this had led him to the beautiful figure of faith as an anchor of the soul.

What is faith? It is not something that can be analyzed

in the crucible of scientific investigation. It is intuitive knowledge. I watch a vine as it reaches out its tendrils and mounts higher upon the trellis. I see a fledgeling as it tests its wings and soars into the sky. I see a man bowed down with sorrow raise his head above the clouds. The vine might have argued; "I have not hands to feel, I have not eyes to see," but it turns toward the sunlight and it is not deceived. The little bird might say: "My wings are so tiny and the ether is so vast," but something told it to spread its pinions and to fly far above our earth, and it was not deceived. So man when he looks upward to the stars will never, *never* be deceived. That is faith.

Faith is not synonymous with dogmatic opinion. We sometimes speak of it as such when we say: "A man has not the right faith." When a word with such purity of meaning has been incrustated with other significations it is well for us often to substitute another term for the Greek *pistis*, and such a term might be "trust." There have been heresy trials about a man's "faith," but there has never been a heresy trial concerning one's *trust* in God.

In the British Museum I saw the Prayer Book which Lady Jane Grey carried with her to the scaffold, and she had underlined these words on which her eyes last rested; "In Thee, O Lord, have I trusted; let me never be confounded." That is faith.

Faith is optimism, the highest form of optimism, which is confidence in the ultimate triumph of truth and righteousness.

Pessimism is atheism and it is the worst form of atheism. A man said to me the other day, "I am growing old and I fear that life is losing its charm." What a sad commentary on his life! I thought of what was almost the last utterance of Sen-

ator Hoar: "Gentlemen, yesterday was better than the day before; to-day is better than yesterday; and to-morrow will be better than to-day." That is faith!

Near my old home in Massachusetts is a Faith Monument to the fathers who landed on that forbidding shore. It stands with face serenely tranquil pointing to the skies. I have seen it when the accumulated snows of winter have rested heavy on its head; I have seen it when the burning heat of summer beat down upon that barren hill. But in storm and sunshine, in winter's cold and summer's heat, it has stood as it stands at this hour, with its finger pointing toward the stars.

Faith points us toward the stars, but more than this. It points us to some poor soul who does not see as plainly as we that the stars are shining—perhaps he does not know there are any stars above him—and it demands that we take him by the hand and point him to the stars.

This is Christ's faith. This is the faith that saves.

SPIRITUAL DISSIPATION

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

WHAT is that waste of life?

I do not refer to physical dissipation, the reckless squandering of bodily power which brings the outworn frame to the grave.

I refer here to those thoughts and words and acts of littleness, meanness, narrowness, greed, pride, envy, selfishness, that are constantly destroying the soul's life until we sometimes wonder what there is in that soul which can really commune with God.

These take away the power of enjoyment, sympathy, and love, and shut out from the soul the vision of the divine.

The light is gone or fast going out.

It is a law of physics that what a body receives while cold it radiates when hot.

Green glass absorbs the red; red glass absorbs the green. Put them in a furnace at white heat and the red shows green and the green red.

The life must give out what it has absorbed.

If we are taking into our souls impurity, untruth, jealousy, we must sooner or later show them forth.

A man said he could break that law, sow his wild oats, and afterwards settle down.

Years passed by. He sits by the fireside of his home and

hears the consumptive cough of his little babe. He exclaims in agony, "What have I done that this innocent child must suffer?"

He looks into the dying embers and to his soul comes the truth of the eternal law, what I absorbed that have I given forth.

Yes, it is true. Any other *modus operandi* would make us less than man.

We take into our souls truth, love, beauty, and what do we reflect?

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

The spiritual and the selfish cannot dwell together.

As selfishness increases, the spiritual dies.

We look at our little selves and magnify our own importance.

It is the world vision we need.

Selfishness is death, manifested in ten thousand ways.

The man lost in self acts for self, thinks for self, lives for self.

Take the daily thoughts of the selfish man. He thinks, "What will the day bring *me*?" As he thinks of self, he becomes miserable, for he thinks of the world in relation to him, not of himself in relation to the world.

Selfishness is the source of jealousy; he thinks, "Someone is getting more than *I*."

Selfishness is the source of hatred; he thinks, "Someone has done *me* an injustice."

Selfishness is the source of worry; he thinks, "What will become of *me*?"

Selfishness is the source of meanness, for his thoughts are on a very mean and insignificant thing, *self*.

To free the mind of worry is to work for others and to enter the larger life of service.

The life immortal is the life which links itself with the universe of God.

In one of the galleries of Europe a party of travelers was standing before a matchless painting by one of the old masters, a painting which had inspired the art and song of centuries.

Amid the hush that always falls in the hour of deep spiritual communion a rude voice was heard, "I have enough of this! Let's go and see the royal stables!"

So it is that the spiritual is dissipated by the sensuous, and men so often harken to the voice which calls them from the noble and the divine and the immortal to the sordid and the earthly and the perishable.

The great life is the life that conserves the spiritual forces.
The conservation of the spiritual is communion with God.
Communion with God is Christianity.

LIFE MEASURED BY UTILITY

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

THE true power of life is its capacity for service.

When Christ said, "I came that ye might have life, and might have it more abundantly," it was the life of service that He brought.

In the physical world the same law prevails. Utility is the standard of value.

We see a lump of iron on the mountain side and we ask an expert its value. He tells us that as an inert mass it is worth five dollars.

Another comes and says that by making the lump into horseshoes he can make it worth fifty dollars.

Another sees that out of the mass he can make needles to the value of five hundred dollars.

A fourth declares that he can take that same lump of iron and make it into watch springs that will be worth five thousand dollars.

It is the same bar of iron. Yet one man increases its value ten fold, another a hundred fold, another a thousand fold.

So life has within itself the great possibilities of divine service.

It is ours to determine what value we shall put upon it.

Shall we gain ten talents, or shall we hide our one talent in the earth?

A great artist stood before a rude piece of stone and exclaimed, "What divine beauty thou concealest." An unshapely block had been rejected by a great Italian sculptor. Years after, Michael Angelo saw it and out of this same stone which before had seemed so useless he carved his matchless Moses.

So life sometime and somewhere under the hand of the Great Master will become moulded after the divine pattern and will show forth its full capacity of service.

We associate the term infidel with one who is faithless in matters essential to our Christian belief.

But there is another infidelity which brings our Lord's reiterated denunciation. It is the infidelity in service, faithlessness in divine ideals and aspirations, in loving ministrations, in altruistic consecration.

There is no condemnation so expressive of the wasted or selfish life as the two words "unfaithful servant."

How concisely and yet how truly the simple phrase sums up the history of the unprofitable years.

We do well to ask ourselves, Are we living the life of true value?

God Himself is asking, and He too will answer the question in accordance with the divine standard of service.

I remember a recent summer when I had charge of a large city parish. I daily came face to face with pathetic cases of destitution, ignorance, crime, and sorrow.

The deaconess and all the assistant clergy were on their vacation, and so it happened that all these cases came under my personal direction.

I never knew before how much suffering and sin there were in the world, or how human hearts were crying out to us for help, guidance, and comfort.

I doubt if the average Christian knows a millionth part of the world's hunger.

But ignorance of human needs can never serve as our excuse.

Long ago the question was asked, "When saw we Thee sick or in prison?" and our Lord answered, "Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of the least of these, ye have not done it unto Me."

The faithless did not know that in the face of the poor and the suffering they beheld the face of Christ.

It is upon our little acts of loving service which make up the great sum of life that Christ's benediction, "Faithful servant," rests.

These make life divine and a part of the great plan of God.

I was worshipping in a chapel of one of the old world's cathedrals. It seemed at the evening hour as if our little shrine were isolated from the world, but in the light of day we realized how it was but a part of a far grander temple which raised its mighty dome high above our heads into the very heavens.

The consecrated service of our daily lives will be seen at the last to be a part of the divine temple we are building for eternity.

PERSONALITY

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

PERSONALITY is the greatest force in the world.

What is it that gives persuasiveness to the orator's words? Not merely the purity of his style or the elegance of his diction. They do have force, it is true, but above all is the impress of his own personality. It is the man behind the words, for we seem to know him and to enter into the secrets of his heart.

That is why words spoken with seriousness of conviction carry such weight. They come from the speaker's inmost soul and are a part of his deepest life.

What constitutes the real and permanent success of the true teacher? Not the mechanical assigning of lessons and the grading of examination papers.

It is the inspiration, the nobleness of purpose, the interest in and the devotion to the pupil which make the teacher's influence abiding.

As one looks over his student days he remembers not so much the mathematics or the psychology which he learned, but the teacher's personality as a real transforming power in his life which cannot be estimated.

A king once decreed that he would declare by royal proclamation that subject who had done the greatest service to the state. On the appointed day there assembled the wise and the

great of the realm. Councillors of state were there and war-scarred heroes who had brought luster to the crown by blood and carnage.

But it was on none of these the monarch looked. Hidden in the embrasure of the window he spied one unnoticed and forgotten in that brilliant and crowded hall. It was the bent form of his old tutor whom the king now raised by the hand, and whose faltering steps he led to the royal throne. As a hush fell on all the people the monarch's voice was heard, "Behold him who has done the greatest service to the state, for he has made your king."

Again, let us take the influence of a mother's love.

Is it her precepts, however noble, that remain in manhood's years?

It is rather her life, her devotion, her sacrifice, her love.

Her zeal may be misdirected, her opinions may be erroneous, her precepts may be unwise.

Yet the man remembers one thing, his *mother*.

In hours of weakness she is present as an inspiration, in moments of temptation he sees her beside him, and, as in childhood days, he pictures the grief that would overshadow her face should he yield to impurity or dishonor.

A mother's love is the greatest human influence in life.

So it is we come to Christ.

Christ did not emphasize His precepts however divine they were, but He pointed to His own personality as the guarantee of salvation.

"Believe on *Me*." "I am the Light of the world." "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." To know Jesus Christ is everlasting life.

Our religion is infinitely more than a set of rules and precepts. Religion is life. Religion is the Christ personality.

How Christ prepared Himself for the exercise of this divine personality! In this we get a lesson on the importance of preparation. He did not come forth into the world to reveal God incarnate in Him till He was fully ready.

In those long years of waiting there were the sin, the evil, the inequalities, the injustices of life which He must have felt so strongly with His clear moral vision. There were the rottenness of society, the glare of hypocrisy, the presumption of aristocracy, the falsehood, the oppression, and the distress which He had come from Heaven to alleviate.

Yet He waited silently year after year till the proper hour when His divine influence should begin to work its mighty transformation.

A weak man or an impetuous man might have plunged in and failed in his great purpose.

The wise man, the strong man, is he who realizes his powers, conserves them, and bides the time of exercising the fulness of his personality.

The life of Jesus in the human soul is revealed by him who has prepared himself by long communion with Him to show it forth to the world.

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

CHRIST'S Sonship with the Father was revealed to Peter when he uttered the memorable words, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Our Lord signifies to him that with such a revelation of the divine his life will become fixed, immovable, stable; "Thou art Peter (Rock) and on this rock I will build My Church," to be the repository of the powers of the spiritual life, the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.

We all know the dogmatic controversies waged over these words of Christ. The recognition of Peter as *princeps apostolorum*, the foundation of the Church, met the demand of the age. When Rome lost her political authority, she transferred it to ecclesiastical domination. The Bishop of Rome took the power and prestige of the imperial Caesar and in accordance with this change these words of Christ became the foundation of ecclesiastical monarchy, words which in this interpretation at best were a *vaticinium post eventum*.

It was doubtless the Providence of God that this should become the dominant idea of those centuries, for nothing but implicit obedience to an unquestioned and infallible authority could have perpetuated the life of the Church through the years of confusion, discord, and political strife. However much we reject such interpretation yet we should thank God that this thought was crystallized in the early life of the Christian

Church and thus prevented her being swept away by the waves of vacillating thought and opinion, by the vicissitudes of nations, and changes in civilization. Even to-day the Roman Church remains the most perfect organization the world has ever seen. The visitor cannot but feel awed as he stands beneath the huge dome of St. Peter's in Rome, and reads in the light of centuries the great letters in blue upon the gilt mosaic frieze: *Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram aedificabo ecclesiam meam et tibi dabo claves regni caelorum.*

The keys are given by the oriental landowner to the steward of his farm as the sign of his stewardship. Christ, we remember, draws His figures from familiar life, the sower of the field, the grain ripe for harvest, the vine by the wayside. It is not likely that we have a strange or unnatural meaning in the words which it took four centuries to fathom. The keys were to Peter the pledge of his stewardship. Stewardship over what? Over the Kingdom of Heaven, but as far as personal responsibility is concerned the Kingdom of Heaven is the divine life in the soul. The keys are not the pass keys to a literal or theologic Heaven. It is likely that our Lord spoke Aramaic, and in that language the phrase here translated into Greek means not so much the realm where God's laws are operative as the "rule of God." Whether we take the social or the personal view of the Kingdom, the sense is the same, the divine sovereignty in society, the divine sovereignty in the heart of man.

Christ means that by vision of His divine Sonship Peter finds the door of the spiritual world open before him. This he can open to others by his example, or close by faithlessness to this ideal.

What Christ gave to Peter He gives to us. We like Peter must have the vision; away from the low, the base, the selfish,

to the transcendence of love, purity and service. To us the keys of Heaven are given. We enter with our Lord into His divine life. Ours is the awful responsibility of opening the higher life to others, or by our greed and sordidness of closing fast the door.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

ONE dark night, as I was walking the street of a great city, a young man met me who, to judge from his dress and conversation, was poor and illiterate. He had recently heard some lecturer express his views about Adam, and on our walk the stranger conversed with me on the likelihood that Adam was the first man. His views were very crude. He had a vague and misty conception of early civilization, and had patched from his fragmentary and blind knowledge several ingenious theories respecting God's plan and mode in peopling the world.

As he turned to leave me at the door of his humble home, he said: "I have been this evening to help some poor families in one of the forsaken streets of our city." Then he added, half apologetically, "You know we ain't the only people in the world."

I thought to myself how little it mattered what the man's theories were about Adam and about the early history of the world. There was one thing he did know—the only really essential thing—and that was he knew Christ and the Christ love and service.

I wondered, as I walked along and entered a fashionable street of the city and looked at the houses of the rich and cultured, if they knew the spirit that my humble friend had ex-

pressed in a way so homely and yet so significant, "We ain't the only people in the world."

No, we are not, and for the others God is holding us accountable.

Yes, we are our brother's keeper. He will be made glad or sorrowful, strong or weak, uplifted or degraded, courageous or unmanly, inspired or discouraged, by every deed we do, every thought we think, every word we say.

He will see or he will not see Christ revealed in our lives.

The measure of our Christianity is the measure of our revelation of the Christ spirit.

God gave us dominion over physical forces to subdue the earth and the air, to fight disease, to dispel ignorance, and every step of our dominion has been marked by a corresponding advance in civilization.

But with man a new law was born. Not the law of dominion, for that means the oppression of the weak, but the law of service recognized in the great truth that we are our brother's keeper.

The reversal of these two laws is disastrous.

To minister to disease is to spread pestilence and death.

To subdue man is the tyranny of power over weakness, the aggrandizement of the few at the expense of toiling millions.

Yes, we are to subdue the physical, we are to fight our passions, our pride, our greed, but we are to serve the spiritual, we are to minister in love and sacrifice.

Then the world will know that we have been with Jesus.

How careful we should be that every act of ours is worthy of messengers of Christ.

Arnold of Rugby removed all the signs of prohibition which had been hanging on the wall. He said, "From this time I

shall treat you as gentlemen on your honor." Then it was looked upon as a smart thing for students to deceive. But the boys said, "We can't lie to Arnold, for he trusts us."

It happened that one of the boys was accused of drunkenness. Arnold called him and said, "If this is repeated you must leave the school, for you are unworthy the spirit of Rugby." Some time after he asked the tutor about the young man, and the tutor replied, "Have you not heard? He is a changed boy." Arnold sent for him and asked the reason. The boy replied that it was a personal matter and that he would rather not tell. Arnold said, "I respect your feelings, but I want to know for my own satisfaction." The boy answered, "I kept saying 'I am unworthy of Rugby.' I took a bar of steel, heated it white hot, and branded an 'R' in the hollow of my right hand. I said, 'I shall never stretch forth that hand to do anything unworthy of Rugby.'"

Is the cross branded on our heart that no deed, or word, or thought of ours should ever be unworthy the Christ of service?

THE POWER OF LOVE

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

THE Christianity of a man is measured by his love for others. We speak of service to God as being our highest aim, but service to God is love for man, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

The flowers glorify God because they give forth His beauty. As we pluck the rose and place it in the sick room, it breathes the sweetness of God's handiwork to the invalid even while its life is withering.

The Hindus have a proverb that the tree protects with its shade him who is cutting at its roots.

Life is self-revelation through love.

God's law in the physical, mental, and spiritual world is growth through expenditure.

Let the arm rest and it becomes weak and flabby. It is the expenditure of energy which increases power.

In the mental sphere the expenditure of thought increases power of thought.

Love is expended and therefore grows. Hope is replaced by new hopes. These things are the permanent part of life, and injury inflicted here is injury to the soul, eternal injury.

It is low to steal or to swear, but how ruinous it is to be false in love or by suspicion to cast aside the affection of a friend, for this is losing a part of life.

Sophocles says, "To cast away a friend is the same as casting away one's own life which he loves dearest of all." The saddest thing in life is broken friendship, friendship which has grown throughout the years severed for some trivial cause. Alas! that misunderstanding, that imagined injury, which separates friends!

Friends are a part of ourselves. We may lose money but that is an external loss. When we lose a friend it is losing a portion of our own existence. We cannot be the same afterward, for nothing can make restitution. The life becomes smaller, weaker, sadder. Some of its greatness and joy is gone. A new friendship can never take the place of the old, for love is knowing a friend and knowing a friend is the work of years.

The immortal part of ourselves is never increased without sacrifice. It costs something to be sympathetic and loving. There is many a heartache, but there comes the beauty of the transforming power of love.

Horace says, "Happy the man who can say at the close of a day, I have lived," lived in the fullest sense of making that day a part of life. How precious is every day if our living is commuted by love into service. Then our daily duties can never be monotonous, for each day brings the greater revelation of God.

We do not have to do great things. David Livingston, who died in Africa praying on his knees for that dark continent, was a poor factory boy, but his life given in love for humanity was more permanent in its power than the lives of the learned and the mighty.

Sir James Simpson was once asked, near the close of his life, what was his greatest discovery. Everyone supposed that the famous Edinburgh professor would say that it was the

application of chloroform, which had made him world-renowned. He replied, "My greatest discovery was when I found that Jesus Christ was my personal friend." This knowledge comes only through the power of love.

Refinement has been defined as the capacity to enjoy and to suffer. The keenest joy of a truly refined nature is joy in friendship, the deepest sorrow is sympathy with those we love. Life is of the heart and love abides while other things pass away.

A friend of mine was once assistant to Phillips Brooks at Trinity Church. He narrates how, one Monday morning, the clergy were gathered in the study and Brooks was constantly called out of the room through repeated ringing of the bell by people who were urgent to see him. Finally one of the company said, "Tell them you can't see them, Mr. Brooks." He turned, and with that pained expression so often seen on his face, answered, "How sorry I should feel if they did not want to see me."

The greatest power on earth is love. It rules a kingdom more eternal than earthly empire.

Does this power rule supreme in our souls, making them more divine that they may mount upward towards God?

THE PURE IN HEART

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

BLESSED are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." This is one of the highest and grandest of the Beatitudes. In practical language, it means: Blessed is the man who sees clearly and cleanly, who thinks soundly and sanely and wisely, who beholds life not piecemeal, but as one grand whole, who takes within his vision always the true, the beautiful, and the good.

Purity of heart like all our spiritual achievements is a gradual process. Many don't see because they are not trained to see. Many don't see because they don't want to see.

The Greek word for sin means literally "missing the mark." I may miss the mark on account of dim or defective vision. I may not know where I am aiming, or I may miss the mark deliberately, and voluntarily, but the result is the same in either case, failure to reach the goal.

The sinful life is like the missent arrow; it fails to reach the target.

This thought suggested by the derivation of the Greek word reminds me of a definition recently given for sin as a mis-directed search for God. Consider this characterization for a moment and see its full significance. The *summum bonum* of life is God. All men seek for highest happiness. One thinks he will find it in the rapid life of sensuous pleasure and excite-

ment or even in licentiousness, drunkenness, and sensuality, but in the end he finds his joy turned to ashes. Another is in great sorrow and he turns to the drug or strong drink, and it must be admitted that this dulls for a time the keenness of his feelings, the acuteness of his grief, but at the last are bitterness and tears. Another seeks wealth, but wealth brings no abiding joy, for, as Socrates says, the soul stripped of all adornments must stand at the last naked before God.

A multimillionaire was sitting in his private car which was conveying the remains of his sister to Woodlawn Cemetery, and under the stress of his great affliction, he made this remarkable statement: "I am what the world would call a successful man. I have amassed millions, but I have done nothing to help another soul, and I am afraid that my life has been a failure." Then, pointing to the casket which contained the body of his sister, he remarked, "There was a successful life, gentle, sweet, unselfish, consecrated."

How this illustrates the misdirected search for God. I may worship God with my lips, but if my heart is given to pleasure, avarice, and greed, I am really worshipping the wrong thing. "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me."

Even in some types of religion, a man can become so intolerant and bigoted as to stultify himself. He thinks he is reaching out to God along the line of religion, but he can have little communion with the loving heart of the Father of all men.

There is a beautiful story that after a great *auto da fe* in one of the Spanish cities there was seen, passing among the ashes of the burned, the figure of Christ Himself. The poor and the sorrowing fell down and adored Him. The Chief Inquisitor with the robes of his holy office about him, and on his breast a golden image of the Cross which was raised on Calvary in love

for suffering humanity, approached and said, "Who art Thou whom the people worship?" It is told that our Lord looked upon him neither rebukingly, nor reproachfully, but with a face of love, gentleness, and mercy, with the same sweet smile which brought comfort to the afflicted on earth, and that He kissed the hard, cruel, thin lips of the Inquisitor. The trembling priest exclaimed, "Thou art the Christ. Depart from me, Lord, for I did not know that Christ was such as Thou."

I fear that when we see Christ in His beauty and His love we too shall say, "O Christ, I did not know that Christ was such as Thou."

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." We need the clear moral vision of the Christ to see life as He saw it. Then we shall grow younger though the years increase, and old age will be opalescent with the sunlight reflected from the source of divine light and truth. And best of all, the light that shines on us will shine *through* us to bless the world.

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

THE spirit of prayer is unselfishness, a humble yielding to God's will, a conformity to the divine purpose, an earnest desire for the realization of God's Kingdom on earth.

How we see this illustrated in the life of our Lord! His great prayer in agony of anticipated suffering was for His disciples: "Glorify them with Thy own Glory." Never did Jesus pray for Himself except for strength to suffer and to bear, except for complete submission to the Father's will: "Let this cup pass from Me, yet not as I will but as Thou wilt." His last prayer on earth was not for Himself but for His taunting, mocking executioners: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

How unselfish is the Lord's Prayer which He has taught us! "*Our Father*," "*Thy name*," then the petition for daily strength, for the spirit of forgiveness as the basis of accepted repentance, and for deliverance from evil. Whether we interpret this last word in the abstract sense, or as the personal active power, yet it is one and the same, the evil of the lower self, pride, deceit, indulgence. Deliverance from evil is the emancipation of the soul from selfishness.

This is the first step toward the Christian life. This is the first prerequisite before the spirit of our Lord can dwell

in us. For God to glorify us with the glory which Christ had is for God to give us the Christ sacrifice and service.

When once the soul enters into this spirit there comes a vision of glory more and more transcendently splendid as life moves on, a vision not revealed to seer or prophet, to the great or to the wise of earth, but to the humble heart which knows what it is to serve.

There is a lesson which we can gather from the Sistine Madonna that the oversea visitor to the Dresden Gallery fails to observe. We must remember how the picture was painted by Raphael as an altar-piece for the Church of San Sisto at Piacenza. The art of illusion, though generally condemned by critics, is practised here with splendid effect. The figures are life size. On one side of the Madonna and Child stands the martyr St. Sixtus II., on the other Santa Barbara, martyr and patron saint of the Church at Piacenza. They do more than serve as a balance of counterpoise to the central group of the blessed Christ Child and His Mother. It is true that some critics have remarked that they were out of place and that the Madonna with her babe would be more effective without them. This is not so, as J. C. Van Dyke recently pointed out. If we could have seen the picture, not in the cold unattractiveness and incongruity of the art gallery, but in the old church, above the sacred altar blazing with many lights, through the smoke of the incense, amid chanted prayers, it would seem that the painted curtains were withdrawn as the veil between earth and heaven, that each cherub rests on the altar itself while, surrounded by the heavenly host, Mary and the Christ step forth to listen unto the prayers of the faithful. And now the effect of the two side figures comes upon the beholder. Santa Barbara turns toward the kneeling people in the attitude of prayer. She

is praying for *them*. The old St. Sixtus points his finger toward the congregation as he gazes into the face of the Mother of God. He is saying: "*Not for me, but for them.*"

Is this out of place? No. It glorifies and hallows the scene. The unselfish prayer of the holy man and of the beautiful martyred girl is the spirit which we all must have when we come, as they, into the presence of the Christ Child.

This is Christ's spirit. This is Christ's prayer. This is true Christian supplication, the prayer of those whose lives have been beautified by His holy and unselfish presence.

THE TRANSFIGURED CHRIST

THE TRANSFIGURATION

THE lesson of the Mount of the Transfiguration is seeing the divine through the human. It is a hard process and we have to climb the mountain to do it.

It is thought by some critics that Peter's confession and our Lord's Transfiguration formed one pericope. Peter, as a Jew, was wondering what relation Christ bore to his native religion. He climbs the mountain side, and on the summit beholds our Lord in a new light not possible in the valley below. With this beatific vision upon him, Christ now asks the question, "Who am I?" and Peter replies, "Thou art the Christ." Jesus then gives him the assurance that on this rock of truth He will build His Church, and the gates of ignorance, prejudice, and darkness shall not prevail against it.

Was this vision vouchsafed to Peter and not to us? We need a vision just as much as Peter did. In the complexity of modern life we need it even more. But to receive that vision we must climb the mountain. Let us look at some of the mountains we have to climb.

There is the mountain of doubt, of difficulty, of perplexity. The Hindus have an old proverb, "He who surmounts doubt has the vision." No scientific discovery was ever made without questionings. In the dark room we see no cobwebs. We let the light in and we sweep away the hanging webs. There is no

premium on ignorance in the Kingdom of God, "Thou shalt know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

There is the mountain of joy. In moments of exaltation and exhilaration we may come close to God. Jacob Riis tells of how a check of seventy dollars was mailed to him with these words, "A great joy has come; a baby is born and we want the world to rejoice."

There is the mountain of sorrow. Jacob Riis received another check a few days later with these words, "A great sorrow has come to us; our baby is dead, and we want to do something to cheer humanity." Do we realize how many of our Lord's comforting words were spoken on the mountain? There is the mount of the Beatitudes, "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." Not long ago I was sitting beside the bedside of one whom I loved far dearer than my own life, and as I saw that life slowly slipping away into the spirit world I used to go to a little church near by for the early Communion service. When the minister turned and said, "Come unto Me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you," the words brought a new meaning. It seemed that Christ was speaking to me and to thousands of sorrowing hearts more tenderly than ever before. Why? Because I was hearing the words on the mountain of sorrow. We look into the faces of some of God's saints, and they speak to us that they have climbed the mountain and have seen the vision, Christ transfigured as the Comforter. Life is never the same thereafter. It is so much broader and more sympathetic. It can now help, bless, and comfort others.

There is the mountain of Redemption. As we climb this rugged hill, we behold on its summit a cross, and on that cross the Son of God. He speaks to us and says, "My child, if you

would be My disciple, you must take up your cross and follow Me." On the mountain of Redemption we learn how to crucify ourselves and enter the immortal life of sacrifice.

In St. Peter's Cathedral I saw what at first I supposed was a colossal painting of the Transfiguration, but on coming nearer I found that it was a mosaic. I thought how at one time the work lay in a mass of rubble-stones on the floor, and how the artist carefully fitted each tiny particle in its place. He did not place the stones together at random, but first of all he had the vision, and he worked according to the pattern shown him in the Mount. If we had looked upon his work some months or even years after he had begun, we should have found little to admire. He could afford to wait, for he was building slowly but surely for the ages. Now long after the hand which fashioned has moulded into dust, the worshipper sees, in what was once a mass of rude and shapeless stones, the adoring saint, the enraptured apostle, and even the face of Christ Himself.

What is the consummation? Our answer comes in these sublime words, "We *all*, with open face (*i. e.* faces from which the veil of ignorance and sin has been removed) reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transfigured (*i.e.* metamorphosed, the same Greek word which is used in the transfiguration narrative) into the *same* image from glory to glory."

Christianity is nothing more than this, and one thing sure, it is nothing less.

HE CAME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

THE reason for Christ's retirement to Caesarea Philippi was in order to obtain some respite from the persecution of the Pharisees and Sadducees.

So have suffered great men at all ages. God's heroes are those who are fearless in the face of criticism from false standards. It has been rightly said that the great truths for which men died we breathe to-day as free as air. But men must suffer and die for them. Of these is the Kingdom of God.

It was a wondrously beautiful landscape which was spread out before the view of Christ. The land was verdant and fertile, in sharp contrast to the wild country about Jerusalem. The stately temples told of the faith of the great world power with the magnificent cult of Jupiter and Apollo celebrated with all the splendor of Roman imperialism.

These called invitingly to Christ. How easily Jesus could have yielded to the tolerant spirit of the Roman religion. Rome was most friendly to new phases of religious thought, as was exemplified by the introduction and adoption of the Mithra worship from Persia. Christ's own people had turned deaf ears to His earnest appeal. His great mission had been misunderstood. He knows that the future promises no better success, but only increased sorrow, toil, and disappointment. If He enters the Graeco-Roman world He will secure peace, tran-

quility, success. Christ would have been remembered as one of the great philosophers of Rome, but He never would have been our Redeemer.

The same temptation comes to us. We wonder if we should not give up the fight. We say, "Let dull ears continue dull." We think we are not appreciated and our work has been in vain. Then comes the thought, "Why not break faith with our mission and win the applause of men?" For all our self-denial, we meet human ingratitude. We ask, "Have we not made a mistake in failing to look after our own interests in spite of the call to higher altruism?"

On the mountain summit Christ reflected the glory of heaven. He was transfigured and His face was as bright as the sun. I wish we with adoring disciples could have looked upon that face. God's spirit shone through Him. He had conquered self. He had conquered the world. He made the supreme choice to "go down." And now He hears clearly the divine approval. It is God's voice which speaks, "This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

How often God speaks to the human soul! I see a Hebrew woman about her daily task. She lifts her eyes and sees the angel, and he says, "Blessed art thou among women." I see toiling fishermen clad in homespun climbing up the mountain-side. They see a vision of the transfigured Christ. I see sorrowing women at the grave, but before them stands the angel and he says, "He is risen." So every mother as she bends over her child wears the halo of the Madonna. Men struggling with perplexity, and doubt, and sorrow, can behold the transfigured Christ. Mourning friends beside the tomb can hear the angel whisper, "Resurrexit."

Christ goes down from the mountain, down from the vision

of worldly peace, power, and honor, down from the rich valleys to the hot Judean sand, down to Gethsemane, to betrayal, to ignominy, to Golgotha.

The same divine call comes to us if we are to follow the footsteps of our Lord. It bids us to go down from the allurements of sensuous pleasure, down from our ease, our comfort, our luxury, down from our selfish gains and ambitions, down to poor and suffering humanity, down to share their woes, down close to the broken heart, down to the degraded and sinful, down to the renunciation of our will, down to Calvary to crucify ourselves.

It is God's call.

The victory is the divine life in the soul.

The reward is the peace which the world cannot give.

“With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm ;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm ;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.”

THINK ON THESE THINGS

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report . . . think on these things."

We become what we make ourselves, and this depends largely on what we assimilate. A sculptor in the study of his model becomes like the ideal which possesses his soul. The painter of the landscape comes close to the soul of nature. The scholar approaches ever nearer to the heart of truth.

Thoughts are to the mind what food is to the body.

If we think mean thoughts, we shall become like our thoughts.

Thoughts crystallize into acts and acts into character.

Show me a man who thinks of self, and I show you a man who acts for self.

There is much meanness in the world, and if we search for it and think upon it, it will ever haunt us.

The low and the small will sneak out of their hiding place and tabernacle with us.

But let a man go through the world with his eyes fixed on the stars and he will see a vision of God.

Man so often makes God like himself. A narrow man has a narrow God. A stern man has a stern God. The Pharisees

were stern when they brought to Christ a woman taken in great sin. "Moses commanded us that such should be stoned." That is the law. Vast the difference between our Lord's judgment and theirs, a difference as great as between sunlight and frost. This was the verdict of a God of Love.

If we love darkness, our spiritual sight becomes darkened.

The visitor to Mammoth Cave sees in the Echo River the eyeless and colorless fish. We are told that these sightless creatures once had eyes which saw the light, that coming from the bright outside world into the stillness and eternal darkness of that cavern which for them became a permanent home, their vision was gradually dimmed; it vanished utterly, till at length in successive generations nature herself ceased to supply the organs of sight.

This is nature's law everywhere; true not only of the physical eye, but true of the mental and spiritual eye; true of life in all its phases; true of the soul of man.

Despise with all the intensity of your mind two things, what is low and what is false; but instead of despising learn to pity those who are low and false, for as Sophocles says, "Such natures are for themselves the hardest to bear."

How can we rid the soul of the selfish, the mean, the impure? Not by driving them away, for they return. How do we make a dark room bright? Not by driving out the darkness, but by opening the shutters and letting God's sunlight stream in.

So it is with the soul. The true, the beautiful, the lovely, the pure, the holy are emanations from God which enter the heart of man if the windows of the soul are open to receive them. When Hercules wrestled with the nine-headed Hydra, Iolaus burned the wounds inflicted, for before this two new

ones grew for every one which was struck off. Superficial treatment would not do. The place had to be burned with fire.

So sinful thoughts must be burned by the sun of Righteousness, yes, often by the fire of trial and affliction.

The sea mirrors the sky above it. It may reflect the dismal thunder cloud, the lurid lightning, or it may reflect the azure blue of God's fair heaven.

In the same way our lives reflect our thoughts, dismal, foul, envious, or radiant, loving, holy.

I ask that you read again the words of the apostle: "Whatsoever things are true," etc., and that you ever "think on these things."

THE CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

THE phrase clearly shows that our Christian life is a warfare, a struggle, a stern conflict. It is a fight which calls for the exercise of all our powers. Temptations assail the soul, but they make that soul strong and heroic.

Innocence is not virtue. Innocence is the mark of an undeveloped life, and this state may be protracted even into mature years. The soul may never have wrestled with evil in the world. It may have been guarded and shielded from contamination with its fellows.

Such a man is like the soldier who has never entered a great battle, who has never heard the note of the bugle, who knows nothing of the whistle of the bullets, who has never faced a foe.

Manhood is formed by daily conflict with great forces, and character is a mastery of these.

Asceticism may preserve innocence, but no asceticism gave us a Savonarola, a Luther, or a Christ.

Sorrow and affliction may tear the heart, but these are like the plowshare which opens the hard ground that it may bear fruit. These are like the chisel in the hands of the sculptor which moulds the rude block of marble into the symmetry and perfection of the Doric pillar.

The military metaphor plainly tells us that Christ is our

leader, that He goes the way before us, but that we must follow.

We must suffer as Christ suffered; we must serve as Christ served; we must love as Christ loved.

Salvation is not a passive thing. It is not something which is wrought out for us, but it is something wrought out *in* us. It is Christly character. When this is perfected, no thought can ever escape our life and heart unworthy of the Christian love.

What does it mean to follow after Christ? It means to get the Christly vision of sacrifice, to follow His steps in ministration over the hot sands of Judea, to rebuke sin, hypocrisy, meanness, sham, littleness. It means to go to Gethsemane to make God's will supreme in our life, to walk the Via Dolorosa bearing the cross of service, to ascend the hill of Calvary, to crucify our selfishness and to enter into the immortal life of love.

The bugle call is the call to sacrifice. The victory is the victory over self.

A man was recently criticising in my presence what he considered was the selfish element in Christianity. But he was criticising the wrong thing. What he meant to criticise was man's selfish conception of Christianity. And alas, it is too true that we sometimes have this selfish conception. If I struggle hard to save my own soul because it is my little individual soul which I am endeavoring to save, if I believe a creed simply because it brings to *me* peace and comfort, if I give my alms to feed the poor because I think I am thereby laying up treasures in heaven, if I imagine I have a kind of title deed in the Kingdom of God, then this is absolute selfishness, not Christianity.

If I toil hard to save my soul, it may be that I shall succeed, but of one thing I am sure, that if I give my life to save the soul of another, there will never be a question about my own salvation. "He that loseth his life the same will save it."

Let us not content ourselves with the thought that we are God's beneficiaries. No, we are His messengers, His servants, His ministering angels.

God wants many saved, but He wants you and me to be saviours.

Pious expressions which may readily flow from our lips can never be substituted in the warfare of life for sacrifice and service.

We can never serve God without serving humanity.

We can never sin against God without sinning against humanity.

The test of our following our Captain is determined by the degree of our service to humanity.

St. Francis of Assisi, we remember, after a life of self-renunciation and love which entered into the life of the world so fully that he even preached to the birds that they should be thankful, beheld a vision of Christ and His Cross, and so vital was that vision to his soul that he bore on his body the stigmata of our suffering Lord.

So, as we follow the Captain of our Salvation, we must bear on our hands the print of the wounds which He suffered, that these hands may never be outstretched except in loving ministration and consecrated service.

SONSHIP

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

NOW are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like unto Him; for we shall see him as He is."

These strong and grand words express two very vital truths, our present divine sonship, and our future glorification; "*Now* are we the sons of God." "We shall be *like unto Him*." The term sonship is not used in a metaphorical or an abstract sense, but with all the fulness of its literal interpretation.

Otherwise there could be no promise of future glorification.

Neither is the sonship which Christ revealed like the sonship expressed in the ancient conception of a *patria potestas*. It is infinitely more than that. It is that conformity which comes through affinity of nature. Christ's life was the Father's life, and the Father's life was Christ's life.

That was the message of Christianity to the world, the divine sonship with God that carries with it unity of will and life. Rome gave to Christianity imperialism. An Emperor on the Palatine governed the world through an elaborate system of subalterns. It was inevitable that this system should be grafted upon Christianity. As the subject could not approach the imperial throne except through a regular series of subordinate officials, so the Christian could not approach God except through intermediaries. The Blessed Virgin must in-

tercede with Christ, the saints with the Virgin, till at last Christianity touches God afar off. How the beautiful and simple message of our Divine Christ had been perverted. That is no Gospel. The Gospel is that the prodigal son far away in his sin and degradation and vileness realizes that he is the son of his father, and comes *directly* to his father's house where the father's love enfolds him.

"Now are we the sons of God," here in this world, amid sin, temptation, trial, disappointment, failure.

Does a man ever fall so low as to cease to be a son of God? Ask a mother if her love has forsaken her erring boy.

Does God refuse worship because it is offered in blindness or superstition? Ask the mother if the caress of the tiny hand upon her cheek, though the baby lips cannot express in intelligent language loving devotion, is not dear to the maternal heart.

I saw an Italian peasant kiss the feet of the *bambino* at Rome. What might have been on my part idolatry, had I imitated his example, was in him an act of worship, sincere and loyal, and I doubt not found its way to the heart of Infinite Love. Wherever the human heart beats, we see a child of God.

Sonship is the inheritance of God's nature just as truly and just as vitally as the son inherits his earthly father's nature.

Is God divine? Then we are divine. Is God holy? Then we can become holy. Is God eternal? Then we are immortal.

The great question is one of degree. How holy are we? How loving are we? How much of divine sacrifice, purity, truth, are we taking day by day into ourselves?

This brings us to the vast responsibility of sonship, the perfecting of that inheritance into the likeness of the Father's character. The future of the Gospel is the future where the

divine sonship shall increase in us by our making the Father's life our life and by our making the Father's will our will.

The transforming and mysterious power which brings the consummation is love. Through it our hearts are made sensitive and tender to receive the impression of the holy Christ. Christ enters there more to-day than He did on yesterday, and He will enter more to-morrow than to-day.

"*Now* are we the sons of God . . . When He shall appear" (*i. e.* shall be manifested unto us) "*we shall be like unto Him.*"

RETALIATION

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

THE precepts of Christ expressly forbid retaliation. How many say: "That is all right theoretically, but it is not practical." Christ was the most practical man that ever lived. He had no visionary scheme in His mind. Christ was no day dreamer. If His teachings are not practical, they are nothing. With no uncertain sound He utters His several judgments against retaliation: "If ye forgive not men their trespasses your Father will not forgive your trespasses." The prayer of our Saviour amid the insult and the pain of the cross was: "Father, forgive them."

Do we really want to be forgiving? Don't we in our hearts admire the man who is quick to resent an insult? If we do, then it is true that in proportion to such a feeling we are removed from the Christ spirit. Injury is not righted by injury, nor wrong by wrong.

There was a time when it was considered an honorable thing to avenge an insult by the endeavor on the part of two individuals to murder each other at the distance of one hundred paces. That was a code of "Christian" honor. But to-day should a man offer such redress for a wrong, civilization would regard him either as a lunatic or as a criminal.

Yes, Christ's teachings have borne fruit as the centuries have come and gone. The field of honor is a relic of the past.

To-day men are beginning to realize that public wrongs, as well as private, are not to be avenged, that punishment should never be vindictive. Think of the pagan idea of punishment which was grafted upon Christian civilization, and you have the block, the gibbet, the wheel, the stake, the cord, as the penalty for even trivial offenses. The horrible spectacles were intended to be warnings to the multitude. Human life was a cheap sacrifice. But to-day in the fuller light of Christ's teachings we are beginning to interpret our own responsibility in that we owe a debt even to the criminal. Criminology is becoming revolutionized. Our prisons should be reformatories. That is Christ's spirit working in the hearts of men. The old conception expressed in the Latin idiom *poenas dare*, as if vengeance were something the injured party must exact, is passing away before the higher law of forgiveness.

The Latin word *impotens* is significant, for it pictures a man who has lost control of self, a creature of emotions, a slave of impulse. Show me the man who is quick to retaliate, and I show you the weak man and the small man. The strong man is the man self-controlled in midst of provocation.

Strength is restraint. It is far better to submit to wrong doing than to be in submission to the feelings of hate and resentment.

The medals given by the Pope to the Knights of St. John were emblazoned on the one side with a sword and on the other with the cross. We fear that this is a type of many men's Christianity to-day as much as it was then. The sword symbolizes personal greed, selfishness, vindictiveness, revenge. The cross is the holy token of consecration, unselfishness, forgiveness. We may think it is indeed incongruous for such anti-thetic devices to stand on one and the same medallion, but it

is a thousand times more inconsistent for these antagonistic principles to abide in the soul of man.

Either the soul is a servant of Christ, or it is a slave of self. It must be *one*. It cannot be *both*.

Christ demands the whole life, our thoughts, emotions, impulses, desires, ambitions.

Not the cross *and* the sword, but the cross *or* the sword. That is the choice we have to make.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

WHEN God speaks to the heart of man it is always in that still small voice which may be so easily unheeded. Our ears may be too dull to receive the divine whisper.

It is true that sometimes the storm and the tempest may be necessary to clear the atmosphere of the soul and to make it responsive.

It may be the tempest of trial when our hearts are made strong and brave.

It may be the storm of sorrow when the human heart is made tender and sympathetic.

It may be at this hour that the soul hears the still small voice, and life becomes new and holy because it has heard the whisper of God.

How responsive Christ was to the divine voice!

At His baptism His ears heard the message from the sky, "Thou art My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

As we go forth in life, do we hear God say, "Thou art My beloved child in whom My heart delighteth"?

He does speak those words to us, and if we do not hear them it is because our hearts are too dull.

What a difference between the life which hears God speak and the life which does not!

In the dark hour of Gethsemane when our Lord utters the

sublime prayer, "Thy will, not Mine, be done," He hears the angelic voice which brings comfort and ministration.

So we too, when our will becomes God's will, hear voices from the skies whispering peace and calm.

The great life is the life that hears; the little life is the life that catches not the voice divine.

How strikingly is this illustrated in the perfect serenity of Jesus' thought.

His peace was the consciousness of the divine voice within Him speaking approval and comfort.

We cannot deny that perfect happiness is the highest object of life.

But perfect happiness is perfect peace.

We do well amid the pretensions of modern theories to ask who can give peace? It is not won in the pursuit for it. Christ promises peace in divine consecration to service. He says, "My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you."

From worldly standards His life seems antithetic to the bestowment of such a boon.

Poor and despised and regarded as a fanatic and a social disturber, one who had already proclaimed that He had not come to send peace but a sword, one whose sociological teachings, if unchecked, would cause disruption to the power of Rome, the Jewish hierarchy, and the social distinctions of the age, yet He promises to bring rest amid unrest, for He hears God's voice.

Jesus Christ was more than a reformer. His weapons were aimed at the very heart of the then existing institutions.

Yet what is His legacy to those who have been faithful to Him? Not wealth, not power, not prestige, not worldly

honors, but something infinitely greater, *peace*. He who had no place to lay His head promises the *summum bonum* of life, *His own peace*.

Then He adds these words interpreted only in the light of days to come, "Not as the world giveth give I unto you."

He knows His faithful ones are to receive little of what the world calls peace. He knows they have not yet heard God speak in that still small voice.

He knows their future persecutions, trials, and martyrdom, and, as if His words might find echo in their hearts amid trouble, and pain, and death, He anticipates their questionings with the comfort, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." It is then they will hear God's whisper as their Master heard.

The peace of Jesus is to be our peace.

The peace which Jesus brings is His own voice speaking in the human heart.

Whether the still small voice comes to us in the sunshine of prosperity, in the clouds of adversity, in the gloom of affliction, in the storm of temptation and trial, in the hour of self-denial, may our ears be opened to hear it and may we obey its divine call.

It will summon us to higher resolves, more noble purpose, more divine ideals, more perfect consecration, more unselfish service.

But it is a blessed thought that obedience to this voice brings that peace of God which passeth understanding, our guide and solace, our inspiration and hope, through life and death.

OUR BODY THE TEMPLE OF GOD

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

GOD intended that the habitation of the soul should be as beautiful as possible. During its earthly life the interdependence of the soul and body is such that every psychical exhilaration or depression produces physical results and *vice versa*. Show me an impure mind, and I show you an impure body. Show me a body polluted by immorality or degraded by low practices and I show you a soul morally unclean.

The Gospel of Christ did not give to men a set of rules. The legislation of Sinai was prohibitive. Christ's teachings were a principle which was to increase in its sway over human hearts in proportion as we grew large enough to receive and obey it. Christ does not say, "Thou shalt not drink; thou shalt not degrade thyself," but a far higher law dictates that our bodies must be pure because they are the temple of the living God. The grandeur of this conception becomes higher as our knowledge of God grows. We must think of God and realize what it means for the Infinite to take our bodies as His divine habitation. God is a God of beauty. Is our body beautiful or defiled? God is a God of purity. Is our body a pure temple of His presence? God is a God of holiness. Is our body a sanctuary where a holy God can abide?

In the old Greek temple the inner room or *naos* was a holy of holies. The word which some Greek writers use to describe

this apartment implies undoubtedly the presence chamber of the deity. The matchless chryselephantine statue that stood therein was not merely dedicated to divinity, but it symbolized the presence of God Himself.

At the summit of the *scala santa* is the ancient chapel of the Lateran, the only part which remains of the old papal palace. So sacred is the enclosure that none but the Pope or one commissioned by him can enter the holy precinct.

If wood and stone are holy because a part of God's earthly temple, how infinitely more sacred is the human body, the abiding place of His living presence! Here should enter nothing profane, nothing unholy, nothing defiling. Anything injurious to our body is a sin because it mars the temple of God.

So close is the relation of the soul to the body that a noble aspiration, a high impulse, a beautiful thought, stamp themselves in physical image on the face. The body itself shares in the health and purity of the soul.

In fact, so close is the union between soul and body that physiological psychology deals not with the mind as mind, but with its relation to the physical organism. Our laboratories go so far as to take up the mystery of the soul's existence, and to ask, "If consciousness be a function of the brain, how is it related to the brain?" Psycho-physiology declares, as we well know, that when the organism of the brain is gross, thought is dull; when it is fine and delicate, thought becomes keen and active. All this means bodily influence on the mind and soul. It means that as we care for our bodies we care for our souls.

In the physical world growth is synonymous with life. A blasting frost or a withering drought arrests plant growth. So anything which hinders the fullest bodily development re-

tards growth and stunts the stature, and a deliberate act that causes physical injury is a deliberate sin.

Christianity demands that we keep our bodies as pure, as beautiful, as vigorous as the physical laws of God allow. It was no misconception, no misapplication of language, for the Greek to identify *beauty* and *goodness*. The full powers of the soul can find expansion only in a healthy body. The more healthy the body, the stronger and the more vigorous can be the exhibition of Christian character.

HUMAN JUDGMENT

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

JUDGMENT is an analytical process. The Greek word *krino* signifies discrimination, separation, and to judge aright we must be in the position to separate the true from the false, the good from the bad, the pure from the impure, the just from the unjust, the loving from the unloving.

We must estimate things not at the seeming but at the real value. Human eyes and ears cannot always do it. Some eyes love to see the bad. Some ears love to hear slander. Some souls love to absorb unpleasant exhalations that arise from earth. Some hearts rejoice in the weakness of others. Some do not dwell upon whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are of good report.

Human judgment has vast limitations. Ignorance blinds it. Prejudice perverts it. We cannot know another's motives. How many a slight, not intended as a slight, disrupts friendship. We judge the drunkard in the gutter, but know nothing of the temptations that assail him or the degrading effects of his environment. Prejudice is prejudging things out of proportion to their value. Human life is too great to be measured in human scales.

One thing is sure; every unkind thought toward another removes the soul farther from God. Great personalities, we find, pity the frailties of human life and make their estimate with greater and greater sympathy. How beautiful this is,

and the reason is because as they go onward they are getting nearer to God.

One prohibition our Lord utters most sternly and attaches to it the penalty of its violation: "Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged." Are we willing that at the last the same judgment be pronounced upon our lives that we indiscriminately make day by day?

Our judgments go out into the world. We cannot take them back. They go as a curse or as a blessing, and they will meet us when life is over.

The assassin bred in an environment of crime waits in the dark alley and plunges his dagger into his victim's heart. He pays the debt of his crime to society. But what judgment will be pronounced on men and women of culture and refinement who, with hate in their hearts, injure the character of another by slanderous report, or, what is even worse, by base insinuation?

Thank God that human souls, when life is over, are judged by One who knows and who never makes mistakes.

It is said that the bells of St. Michael's, at Charleston, S. C., have three times crossed the sea. They were broken in the Revolution, but each piece was carefully gathered and sent to England, where all were melted and recast in the foundry in which they were originally made. Again they crossed the ocean, perfect once more, and were put in place in the heaven-pointing spire where they ring out, without the loss of a single note, without the marring of a single tone, the grand symphony of their celestial music.

Will not God do thus with the broken fragments of human life? Will He not recast them in the glow of His infinite love that they may join in the eternal melody?

THE ANIMAL AND THE DIVINE

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

IN every human life there is a ceaseless struggle between two opposing forces. In familiar theologic phraseology we may speak of original sin, total depravity, the fall of man, the old Adam, or in scientific terms we may speak of the animal, the bestial within ourselves. We may believe with one theological opinion that man fell from a higher state, that he was once innocent, but now impure, or we may believe with another view that man never was so morally advanced as to-day, that life has been a succession of changes from the lower to the higher, not from the higher to the lower, that each successive change marks new life and that God throughout the ages has been leading man nearer to Himself.

Our chief concern is, not the past, but the *future*, not what we have been, but what we are to become.

The battle of animalism and our higher humanity is a battle of the race and of the individual. The animal lives for self. It is virtue in the shark as he swims the ocean to destroy what comes in his way in the struggle for existence. But the divine in man is to protect the weak. The lion is true to his beasthood when he tears in pieces his antagonist. The divine is to forgive. The panther reaches his highest development in stealth and treachery. The divine calls to honor, truth, sincerity. The bee hoards her wealth in her own hive, and the

vaster the acquisition the more faithfully she has obeyed her highest nature. The divine demands of man unselfishness, service, sacrifice, and love. The charm of the bird is its constant carols when it strains its tiny throat in pathless woods with liquid notes of joy. The divine calls man to activity and progress, and duty faithfully performed is our highest hymn of praise to our Creator.

Christ, the fulness of the divine, defines the great purpose of His coming to earth to be the imparting to the human soul more abundant life. "I came that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly." This life which our Saviour brought was the triumph of the divine over the animal.

Does the progress of society show this? Is God leading men by gradual successive changes into a newer and higher humanity, a humanity which shall be divine, a humanity which shall become like that humanity which Christ exalted through His own Godhead?

There is need of no great insight to see advance, and no excessive optimism to prophesy triumphant victory. From the savage to the philanthropist the triumph is that of the divine.

What is countenanced to-day may be condemned to-morrow. Once polygamy was sanctioned by law, now law in civilized countries condemns it as a crime. Once piracy and rapine as the triumph of might over weakness were national pride. Now the law of nations will not tolerate plunder. Once personal wrong could be wiped out by bloodshed. Now the "affair of honor" is homicide. Once crime called for vengeance. To-day penology looks toward the reclaiming of the criminal. Once punishment was vindictive. Now it is fast becoming reformatory.

The divine life which the divine Christ promised is work-

ing more and more in our humanity, and the future far beyond the past will show vaster triumph.

God's life in the soul must go out unto its own, until it reaches divine life. It is only a question of time and struggle when the divine shall triumph over the animal, when the love of Christ in the souls of men shall triumph over selfishness, greed, and pride.

THE SHADOW OF LIFE

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

THERE is nothing more unchristian, not to say vulgar, than snobbishness. It is so antagonistic to the Christ spirit that it is impossible for a soul that despises or looks down upon a fellow-creature to enter into communion with God.

The true man or the true woman is the one who is courteous to all, and courtesy is but another name for love.

We do not find snobbishness in the truly great, but in the common. It is so easy for man to be common. The common man has to be snobbish, for his commonness becomes in his own eyes a mark of prestige, and he fears that to be one with the poor and outcast is to degrade himself.

Disdain and pride have shut many souls from God. Self-exaltation and contempt for others are such insidious evils that before we are aware of their presence we are estranged from the heart of humanity, from divine life, and do not realize that we are estranged.

It is not learning or wealth which makes life, but character. True life sees as God sees, and is one with humanity. I don't care how rich one may be, or how learned one may be, if his heart does not go out in love to all, he has a narrow petty existence which sooner or later is to be lost in its own selfishness.

Christ did not rebuke the sinner. He had compassion for him. His heart went out yearningly toward vile, outcast, fallen

humanity, but against the proud and haughty His condemnation was stern and uncompromising.

It is related that at an important function which occurred several years ago at the White House, a lady entered richly apparelled and with charming grace. As she approached the wives of the official corps, they gave her only a rigid nod and exchanged not a word of greeting, for they recognized her as a former milliner in New York City who did not belong to their "set." The wife of the President observed the embarrassment of her visitor and excusing herself went to the young woman and said, "I am especially glad to see you here." Then the first lady of the land took her guest by the hand and arm in arm they walked down the brilliantly lighted hall. This act was queenly. It was Christian.

If position, learning, or wealth separates a soul from humanity, then it separates a soul from God, and we realize the truth of Christ's words that it is harder for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than for a camel to go through the needle's eye.

If I magnify my own little atom of self and imagine I have more, or I know more, or I am more, than another of God's children, if I refuse to love one lower or meaner than myself, then, unless I mistake the teachings of our Lord, I am no Christian, and I do not even know what the Kingdom of Heaven means. Yes, more than that, if I despise another because of his station in life, a humble child of God whose soul may be fairer than mine, unless I am mistaken in what constitutes true manhood, I am no man in the sense of the dignity which that term should bear. I am but a petty and useless creature, an encumbrance, an inflated bubble upon the surface of God's world, and society will be better off when I am gone.

That shrug of the shoulder, that air of proud superiority, that haughty word, go out into the world like deadly weapons. What bitterness and sorrow they carry to human hearts!

While we might bring blessing to the needy, balm to the suffering, comfort to the sorrowing, we choose to send the poisonous shafts. We make the weak more weak, the untrue more untrue, the uncourageous more uncourageous.

There is a beautiful story that an old monk had lived such a saintly and Christly life that an angel came to him and promised him that any request which he might make should be granted. The monk did not ask for wealth and power, but with greatest humility he requested that as he passed through the world he might do all the good he could without knowing it. So it happened as he went through the streets, his shadow fell behind him and all who came within that shadow were healed and comforted and blessed.

May it be that the shadow of our life shall be the shadow of benediction!

PURITY OF HEART

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

PURITY is clearness and cleanness. Applied to life it means clear perspective and clean, sound, and sane thinking. Impurity is sullied vision resulting in bigotry, ignorance, uncleanness, selfishness, and hypocrisy.

Hypocrisy is to live a lie, and to live a lie is worse than to tell a lie. This is the real lie which Socrates declares is infinitely more ruinous than the verbal lie, for it becomes a part of man's own life and sooner or later he actually believes it and such belief makes his whole existence untrue.

Horace's *integer vitae scelerisque purus* not has but is a panoply invulnerable. The pure life is its own defence.

Purity is strength. Tell me the strength of a chemical in the laboratory and I can judge of its purity.

Purity is intensity. The purer the flame the more intense the heat. Moses saw God in the burning bush and the bush was not consumed because the fire which burned there was the fire of zeal.

There are flames which do consume, the flames of passion, lust, anger, and they leave the soul blackened and scarred.

In Aeschylean thought impurity becomes a parent of a progeny like itself which goes forth to curse the world.

The pure life is dominated by holy purpose, consecrated ambition, intensity of effort.

The light of the body is the eye, but the eye must be single for the body to be full of light. The great world with the life of nature, the beauty of the flowers, the glory of the heavens, enters the mental understanding through the tiny physiological mechanism we call the eye.

What is necessary to sight?

First, radiant energy, the stimulus of light, the activity excited by the rays. The crystalline lens focuses on the retina the optical impression, which is conveyed by the optic nerve to the brain, where we receive a mental concept of the visual image. So the light of God is focused on the soul and clears it of selfishness and blindness.

Second, the slow evolution of the sight organs. Pigment spots responsive to light exist in the lowest forms of life, as in infusorians. The structural character may be seen in the snails and worms, yet what real vision is there to a snail or a worm? The physical power of sight is developed more and more until we have the physiological organism in perfection.

Even the exercise of this power is a gradual process. The babe sees first its little hands, its mother's face, and slowly more and more of the outside world comes within its vision.

The vision grows with intelligence. An ancient ruin may mean only a heap of stones to one, to another it may be an artistic study with the ivy clinging to it, another may see there the history of a nation past and gone. So it is that spiritual vision comes by development and we see God more and more as we exercise that power.

Third, focus of vision. The eye must be centered on the object. The landscape may be very beautiful but unless the eye be focused upon it we have no realization of it. The higher the elevation the broader the vision.

So the eye of the soul must be focused on Christ to receive the divine life, high from the mists and fogs of earth, from those obstructions of vision, selfish aims, greed of wealth, rivalry of power. "If thy eye be single, thy whole body will be full of light." The vision of God comes by spiritual sight to the spiritual mind and there enters the spiritual life the image of God. We get some conception of the outside world by other senses. We smell the flower, feel the stone, hear the music of the waterfall. So some get an idea of God by study, by the experience of others, but the knowledge of God, which is eternal life, comes only by purity of sight.

How great the darkness to the blind eye which sees not the beautiful world! Greater still is the darkened spiritual vision to him who sees not God.

May our eye be always single, may our life be always pure, may our gaze be always fixed amid the discord, distractions, pleasures, and sorrows of the world, until at last we be filled with Christ's vision to behold His face forever!

FAITHFULNESS

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

IN the matchless east pediment of the Parthenon we observe that as much delicacy and care were bestowed on the parts barely visible to the spectator's eye as on the more prominent members. A close examination shows exquisite workmanship of the carving of the seats where rest the two female figures interpreted by some critics as the *Horae* who guard the portal of Olympus. The strict geometrical outline of the seats forms a most pleasing contrast to the flowing drapery.

But more than this. In the extreme corner where the sun-god was rising from the eastern sea the angle was so dark that only the rays of the rising sun could illumine the figure. Yet there is no doubt of the same accuracy of execution which was revealed in the colossal sculptures of the central angle.

Might not the sculptor have been tempted to say, "Why this painstaking labor? Few will notice and few will criticise." So many speak of the wonderful power of the Greek chisel over the marble. It is not wonderful. One word explains it all, and that is *faithfulness*, faithfulness in smallest details, faithfulness in what might pass unnoticed and unseen. This alone brings perfection.

The building of our character is like the shaping of the stone. We are like the rough and irregular blocks, but faithfulness, not in great things merely—that is comparatively easy,

when the world looks on and great issues are at stake—but faithfulness in little things, faithfulness in the tasks of every day, faithfulness in service, love, unselfishness, faithfulness in pain and sorrow, faithfulness in effort, faithfulness in thought, faithfulness in truth, this will mould through the passing of the days our lives and hearts after the pattern of the Christ till we hear Him say, "Well done, faithful servant." We shall find that the faithfulness in small things carries with it the divine pledge of our capacity for faithfulness in greater things.

Don't we realize now something of what it means to enter into "the joy of our Lord"? God is a God of faithfulness. The infinite delicacy in workmanship of leaf and flower and stem, which only the microscope can bring to our notice, reveals God's working in little things. Is He not just as faithful in His creation of the smallest creeping insect of a day as He is in that of the majestic grandeur of the starry heavens which shine by night?

We say that nature never makes a mistake. We mean just this, that God's work in small things and in great things, in this world and in worlds upon worlds beyond man's understanding, is never faithless. Can we enter into the joy of such a God while we remain faithless servants?

We admire a beautiful building, but what we really admire is the builder's faithfulness in his art. Wood and stone remain wood and stone until the soul of the architect enters them.

A piece of canvas can be bought for a few cents, but the same piece of canvas upon which a Raphael's hand has wrought cannot be bought for thousands of dollars.

So human life, a *tabula rasa* in itself, is made precious or valueless, as we draw or do not draw the outlines day by day.

Time is colorless. We put our own coloring into it. We

can make it dark with envy, avarice, selfishness. We can make it lurid with hate, impurity, pride. We can make it bright with faith, refulgent with love, pure with consecrated service. Yes, we can make it transcendently beautiful and holy with the glory of God Himself.

GOD'S WHISPER TO THE SOUL

ALL SAINTS' DAY

HOW must that man have felt who in the dark beginning of human life was the first that was called upon to look upon death? He knelt beside the form of one he loved, and with perplexed and aching heart watched the life gradually but surely ebbing away as the snow melts before the burning rays of the sun.

When the spirit had passed, and the body was cold and silent, think you not that there was something in that human heart that spoke to him that told him that his loved one still lived? He could not perhaps have defined that voice. He could not have told *how* he knew, but there was something which whispered that the dear life now gone beyond the sensuous was in the safe keeping of Him who created it, that love could not be more perishable than the power which made it. Did God leave His child comfortless? No. The whisper was the whisper of God Himself.

This whisper is voiced by the human heart in the earliest literature of our race. As an illustration of the confident assurance of a life beyond I translate a few lines from one of the burial hymns of the Rig Veda. Here we find no shadows, no questioning as these early mourners stood beside the open grave.

"Go forth, thou spirit, go forth along the paths where thy

fathers have trod. There they are preparing a place for thee, a pasture land, a resting place. Ascend to highest heaven where thou shalt behold God, leaving on earth all that is unpraiseworthy." These sentences chosen at random from many others of like purport illustrate the whispered assurance of a meeting in the unseen world.

I cannot refrain from making one comment on the Sanskrit word *avasana* which I translated "resting place." It means literally an "unyoking." The weary cattle have come to the pasture land where the yoke is taken from the neck; the weary wanderer has reached "the bound of life where he lays his burden down."

From the time when man first stood in awe before this solemn mystery to the form which only yesterday was laid away in Christian trust, the divine in man answering to the divine above has sung hallelujahs in the blessed hope of everlasting life.

The inmost consciousness in undying existence is more than intellect. Love is vaster than our comprehension of it. Knowledge is deeper than our understanding. The soul is greater than psychology.

In the *Phaedo* of Plato we feel it is not so much the arguments of that matchless dialogue as it is the conviction that Socrates has heard the divine voice speaking. He has obeyed that voice and has stood for truth, for duty, for right, for fidelity. He talks with us not in the bustle of the street, but in the gloom of the prison at sunrise of his last day on earth. We find him clasping the hand of God in calm composure as if nearness to the unseen brought clearer vision. Trustfully he sees beyond death. When the mantle is removed and we look with Crito on the face of the dead, we feel that God had spoken to him clearly and truly.

Emerson in his Essay on Immortality confesses himself to be a better believer than a propounder of his faith. Life with its grand sweep of moral vision speaks of larger life. Character made sublime by consecration to service, calmness made holy by the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, the divine vision of the truth gained by close communion with God, these are guaranties of immortality. God has whispered it to us and He will never deceive us.

But to us comes more than a whisper. Speaking through the lips of His Divine Son, He bids us not to be troubled, that there are mansions prepared for us, and as if we still might question and wonder He makes this solemn pledge: "If it were not so I would have told you."

PROGRESS

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

EXCAVATIONS on the Acropolis at Athens brought to light fragments of the pediment composition of the earlier Parthenon. The theme was very grotesque and archaic, and as crudely and tastelessly executed. A typhon's or serpent's tail which uncoils as the pediment rises occupies the space of the narrow angle.

Another stage in the history of pediment composition is marked by the Aeginetan sculptures where dead or dying men are thrown into the low space. A further advance appears in the temple of Zeus at Olympia where the theme admits of the introduction of river gods in the narrow corners of the pediment.

Think for a moment of the perplexing problem that confronted the artist, a problem the most serious which human ingenuity could encounter. In the center of the triangular field there was room for colossal figures, while in the narrow angles there was space hardly for a reclining form. Yet the sculptor must place therein figures in high relief which would be in perfect accord with the severe stateliness of the Doric temple.

This could be accomplished only in one way, but that way was the same way which has led to success since the world began, toilsome, faithful, gradual progress.

There is nothing that shows the consummate power of the master over the marble as the sculptures of the later Parthenon,

for in one narrow corner were placed the horses of the sun god rising above the eastern waters, and in the other the moon goddess sinking in the west, a motive which seems well nigh impossible for such position. It was easy to put a serpent's tail in the pediment angle, easy to place dead men in such a space, but it taxed the sculptor's art to the extreme limit to carve in that narrow and narrowing field the prancing steeds of the god of day.

The great lesson here preserved imperishably in marble comes to every life. Thank God for difficulty. It is only by meeting difficulty and mastering it that we become strong men.

We sometimes hear the remark made to a child, "You are having your happiest days." Whether that is true or not will depend entirely on the individual. If the life goes on without achievement, if the life continues selfish, if it is more and more filled with pride, prejudice, jealousy, hate, impurity, and meanness, then childhood days are and always will be the happiest days.

But if the sign manual of life is progress, if, as the years pass, the soul advances in truth, daily growing more manly, more courageous, more divine, filled more and more with the spirit of service, love and beauty, the happy years of life are the limitless years which will unfold the divineness of our humanity.

God loves the beautiful and the good, but He wants them at their best, and at an infinite cost He has been working throughout the ages to bring them to their best. This intelligent onward movement through life and history implies vaster results in the future than in the past. Sometimes we may think there is retrogression in nature when we see growth impaired and beauty sullied, but one fact is certain—that all retardation is compensated for by progress. In the grand result nature never

works backward but forward. This is the divine mode of activity, a movement which is revealed to man as his capacity becomes adequate to receive such revelation. That which has highest "survival value" is the moral and intellectual nature of man, and God's decree of perfection will be realized in the soul.

Does the flower feel sorry because it is not the seed? Does the forest oak regret that it is not the acorn?

Life is divine growth, and divine growth is happiness.

A HOLY TEMPLE

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

HERE is no building of ancient Rome so well preserved as the Pantheon. From the huge inscription on its architrave ascribing its erection to the son-in-law of Augustus, Marcus Agrippa, to the columns and niches of the interior, the structure is almost the same as in the days of imperial Rome. As far as we know no service to the ancient gods was solemnized after 400 A. D., and in the year 608 Pope Boniface IV. consecrated the temple as a Christian Church under the title *S. Maria ad Martyres*. We are glad that to-day the old building bears again its historic name and that over the portal stands the cross of our Redeemer.

We enter and in the recesses where once stood the great central image of Jupiter, surrounded by other gods, we see the sacred statues of saint and Madonna and of our Lord Himself. Above our heads the great aperture of the dome shows the clear vault of heaven. Through it we can watch the floating clouds.

It seems under the solemn music of the Mass that the sunlight coming from God's sky fills the ancient shrine with a peculiar benediction. The open blue heaven of God seems very near, interposing between the prayers of the worshipper and itself no barrier of wood or stone.

The ancient pagan temple now dedicated to Christianity is the type of the human soul redeemed from self and conse-

crated to Christly service. How complete is that self-renunciation is known only to that soul and God. Its Christianity may be of mongrel type. The pure life of Jesus in the soul may be marred and sullied by hate, envy, meanness, prejudice, and pride.

The temple of the soul may be only half dedicated to Christ. Christianity, which is Christ's life in ourselves, is nothing less than the substitution of God's will for our will, humanity for egoism, service for selfishness, largeness of vision for narrowness, love for hate, beauty for the ugliness of jealousy and pride, integrity and large-heartedness for dishonor and meanness, truth for falsehood.

It is easy to pray, but it is not easy to have the heart in communion with God. It is easy to profess the name of Christ, but it is not easy to live the Christ life hour by hour, and day by day. Yet this is just what Christianity demands of us. This is the dedication of the soul to God, a dedication more holy, more solemn, more real than the words of papal consecration over stone or marble.

The "Chapel of the Popes" above the *scala santa* is a holy of holies because of the presence of a sacred picture of our Saviour. Tradition says that the Madonna and the disciples met together after our Lord had ascended to heaven and asked: "How can we preserve the love and beauty on the face of our blessed Christ?" It was agreed that St. Luke should paint for all time that holy countenance, but as he began to work angelic hands supplied the tints. So forever the sacred painting bore the name *acheiropoeton*, "not made by human hands."

If this be true it would be a sweet privilege to gaze upon the face of our Saviour as He walked with men. But we see Him, not in miraculous icon, but in the life of loving service.

Believe it, each act of holy ministration to the suffering, the sorrowing, the needy, the outcast, brings to our soul a picture of the Lord of love, a picture not painted by human fingers, a picture not visible to human sight. But we can see His smile of approval as He says, "Service unto the least of these is service unto Me."

APOSTLESHIP

SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT

PAUL an apostle of Jesus Christ." An apostle of Christ means literally, "Christ-sent." The term shows us that life is a mission, a Christly mission, and the test of our apostleship is our faithfulness unto this Christly calling.

I fear our conception of Christianity has not always held this clearly in view. In the Musée des Archives at Paris I remember seeing a picture of a great ship typifying the Church of God. Those on board are very complacent, self-satisfied, and happy. They seem to have no concern for the sinful souls struggling in the deep waters. The ship is to them an ark of salvation and they are safe on board. But I am sure of one thing. Christ is not on that ship, for if He were He would reach out His hand to save even the very last. The conception of the artist which made possible such a painting, and its sanction by those in authority, show us how far away we are from the world-vision of Christ.

Professor Harnack of Berlin defines Christianity as that mighty potentiality by which suffering and sunken humanity is raised God-ward.

I have seen the peasants entering the little shrines at Athens, each with a lighted taper which he places in a bronze receptacle beside the altar. But from these little individual contributions the dark and gloomy interior is illumined with

a brilliant radiance. So is the mission of the Church. Each member must bring in his pure light till the world is filled with the beauty of the Christ.

Apostleship shows the dignity of life. We are God's ambassadors. That is a grand thought and Christ Himself gives us our credentials, "As the Father sent Me so send I you." These words mean that we enter into the same struggle, the same service, the same redemptive mission, as that of our Lord, and with the same consecration, the same courage, the same unselfish love. Yes, they mean that when men look upon our faces they see the face of Jesus, and when they come in touch with our lives they receive the spirit of Christ.

Apostleship gives the joy of life; not the joy of throbbing health, the joy of living in this great world, for these pale. The pulse becomes feeble and pleasure dims. But the thought that brings abiding joy is that in all we do we are Christ-sent, that God sends us into our daily task as His servants, His workmen. If I am strong, let me rejoice, because God has given me strength to serve and help and bless. God needs me, for my life is bound up in His eternal plan.

Apostleship explains the mystery of life. There comes the certain knowledge of the permanency of our work reaching on into the limitless years. A veil hides each future step. We cannot see the goal. But all is well, for God is the impelling power.

The arrow sees not the mark. It feels only the twang of the bow-string, but it speeds on its course as a thing of life. It swerves not to right or left. It cuts the opposing air, but it finds its rest in the heart of the target, for it was sent by the trained hand of the bowman. So we do not know God's plan, but we do know that it is He who sends us. That is enough.

We go forward. It is God's direction for our lives, and we shall reach the Father's goal.

Why do I toil for truth? Because I am God-sent.

Why do I have courage for the right? Because I am God-sent.

Why am I honest and true in business? Because I am God-sent.

Why do I pass through sorrow? Because I am God-sent.

Why am I a Christian? Because I am God-sent.

This is apostleship.

Let this word "God-sent" be our hope in blessing and pain, in joy and sorrow. And in death, as the soul goes out into the Great Beyond, let it be our triumphant cry, "God-sent."

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